

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 832.—12 May, 1860.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE CHURCH AND THE PRESS; or, Christian Literature the Inheritance of the Church. A Sermon. By A. Cleveland Cox. Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union, New York. N. Dutton & Co., Boston.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, together with Reports of Committees appointed to visit the County Societies, with an Appendix containing an abstract of the Finances of the County Societies for 1859. By Chas. L. Flint. Secretary of the Board.

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THE THRESCORE AND TEN.

The following animated lines are, we understand, the effusion of a veteran poet, the Rev. Dr. Croly; and were produced by him at a recent select literary party at Brighton, on proposing the health of the senior member in the chair, himself well known as the editor of *Churchill*, and one of the oldest surviving correspondents of Sylvanus Urban:—

LET Poetry sing of the raptures of Youth,
With its glances all fire, and its feelings all truth;
When life's strewn with roses in summer's first dye,

And the hours, like young Cupids, on wings
seem to fly;

When the fancy is dazzled with passion's first beam,

And the world spreads before it—a beautiful dream!

Let boys have their visions, I now speak to men;
And have something to say for the Threescore and Ten!

What is Youth! a gay sailor! he makes his first trip—

All delight in the trim of his silken-sailed ship;
The breeze, all enchantment, the sun in his height,

The sky in its splendor, the surges all bright;
But,—the clouds stoop around him, the breeze grows a gale,

The breakers are rising, a flash strikes the sail;
In vain he would tack to the harbor again;
And longs for thy anchorage, Threescore and Ten.

What is Youth! a recruit! all ribands and glory,
Exulting to flourish in England's proud story.
What cares he for danger! to danger he flies,
His reward of rewards, Beauty's smiles, or her sighs.

But, *then*,—comes the battle! he's left on the ground

In darkness, unsheltered, his wounds all unbound,

To perish, alone! in what bitterness then,
He thinks of the fireside of Threescore and Ten!

What is Youth! a bold gamester! who stakes
against Fate,

At a table of swindlers in Church or in State;
He flings his last venture for fortune and fame—
To find one a *cheat*, and the other a *name*.

With despair in his heart, and disdain in his eye,

He turns from the table, and turns, but to die.
He's the eagle no more, he now envies the wren;
And pines for the peace of the Threescore and Ten.

When the sun pours the splendors of noon on
our eyes,

Those splendors but veil the true pomp of the skies;

'Tis but when he sinks in the surges of Even,
That we see, in its grandeur, the star-studded
heaven.

The horizon of life thus grows clearer by years
Man is freed from his fever of hopes and of fears;
What was storm on the mountain is calm in the glen,
And he feels the true joys of the Threescore and Ten.

When the rivulet springs from the Alps' crown
of snow,

It dashes in sunshine and silver below;
Then struggles its wearisome way through the plain,

'Till 'tis lost in the depths of the fathomless main;

And yet, not *all* lost, it is destined to rise,
And float in the sun-colored light of the skies;
But, *here* drops the pencil, and falters the pen!
The theme is too high for the Threescore and Ten.

Now a "health of the heart" to the head of the table!

The *Man* who best proves that our verse is no fable;

Who, whether in youth, in manhood, or age,
Has left not a blot in his life's lengthened page;
Who, the vigor of life, with its virtues still blends,

And whose years are but ties on the hearts of his friends!

So, *here's* the Symposium, in bumpers; and then,—

"One cheer more" for the triumphs of Threescore and Ten.

—Gentleman's Magazine.

LONELY.

SITTING lonely, ever lonely,
Waiting, waiting for one only,
Thus I count the weary moments passing by;
And the heavy evening gloom
Gathers slowly in the room,
And the chill November darkness dims the sky.
Now the countless busy feet
Cross each other in the street,
And I watch the faces flitting past my door;
But the step that lingered nightly,
And the hand that rapp'd so lightly,
And the face that beamed so brightly,
Come no more.

By the firelight's fitful gleaming
I am dreaming, ever dreaming,
And the rain is slowly falling all around;
And voices that are nearest,
Of friends the best and dearest,
Appear to have a strange and distant sound.
Now the weary wind is sighing,
And the murky day is dying,
And the wither'd leaves lie scatter'd round my door;
But that voice whose gentle greeting
Set this heart so wildly beating
At each fond and frequent meeting,
Comes no more.

—All the Year Round.

From The Saturday Review.

TRANSFORMATION.*

GENIUS is, to some extent, its own defence. No one but a man of genius could have written this novel, and if Mr. Hawthorne has chosen to write it in a way that exposes it to criticism of the ordinary kind, the end of such criticism is only to establish that he might have written something different. The tale not only tantalizes us by keeping us in the dim region of events that are neither probable nor improbable, neither possible nor impossible, but it defeats our expectations by sketching out a plot which comes absolutely to nothing. A mystery is set before us to unriddle, and at the end the author turns round and asks us what is the good of solving it. That the impression of emptiness and unmeaningness thus produced is in itself a blemish to the work, no one can deny. Mr. Hawthorne really trades upon the honesty of other writers. We feel a sort of interest in the story, slightly and sketchily as it is told, because our experience of other novels leads us to assume that, when an author pretends to have a plot, he has one. A story-teller who ends by asking why he should clear any thing up is not dealing quite fairly by us. But when we have said this, and begin to estimate the book by what it does rather than by what it does not contain, there is too much in it that is beautiful and original to permit us to dwell on the points it presents for adverse criticism. It is really an account of Rome and Central Italy, of the appearance which the great city and its neighborhood wore in the eyes of an American visitor, and of the reflections to which the religion, the art, and the people of Italy gave rise in the breast of a man born under influences which placed him in the most direct opposition to all that marks the centre of Catholicism, and yet attracted to all that he saw around him at Rome by strong ties of personal sympathy. Of course, if he had chosen, Mr. Hawthorne might have written a tourist's sketch of Central Italy; but he is a novelist, and has a peculiar vein of thought running through his mind which evidently affects his whole manner of thinking, and which has yet so remote a connection with reality that he could scarcely allow it to intervene in a plain representation of facts. His former works abundantly show that the notion of great crime, its complexity, its subtle influences on character, its remote consequences, and more particularly the strange admixture of high feeling and innocence with which it may occasionally be found united, exercise

such a fascination over his mind that he cannot separate his reflections on real facts from the thread of moral difficulties that is woven through all the efforts of his imagination. Some sort of fiction is therefore necessary in order to place the reader in the position of the writer.

In *Transformation* he introduces two principal characters who, like the hero and heroine of the *Scarlet Letter*, are bound together by the bonds of a common crime, dark and mysterious, and yet so conceived that the indulgence both of the author and the reader is bespoken beforehand. The special point taken in this general region of guilt is the effect on the character of the criminals that their common guilt may be supposed to produce. The hero, Donatello, Count of Monte Beni, is first introduced as an Italian with the beauty, the simplicity, and the playful wildness of a light-hearted youth who alternately charms and repels his friends by the strange approximation of his nature to that of a wild animal. Mr. Hawthorne does not refrain here from giving the loosest vein to his fancy. Not only is Donatello curiously like the Faun of Praxiteles, but a legend of his family is told describing how they, in the remotest days of history, sprang from the union of a human being with a creature of the woods; and to the very last it is carefully hinted that his ears, which he kept carefully concealed, were really long and furry, like those of a faun. The lady for whom this unhappy animal conceives a passionate love belongs scarcely less to the region of pure fancy. She first presents herself as an artist; and it appears to be accepted as an axiom in every description of artist life that a man or woman who paints pictures or moulds clay is released from all the ties and burdens of life—that it is impertinent to inquire whence they came or how they live, or with whom, or on what. In some way never cleared up, this girl has been innocently concerned in a great crime. A lunatic monk is aware of her secret, and crosses her path with that unexpected frequency which fanciful novelists introduce in order to create the impression of a terrible doom. Donatello and she are on the edge of a precipice when the tormenter comes by, and the faun, anxious to oblige his mistress, seizes the wretch, and, on reading a sign of acquiescence in her face, drops his burden over the rock, and the persecutor lies a shattered mass at the foot. Horror seizes the guilty pair. The faun, awakened to remorse by his crime, becomes transformed. A deep, gloomy sensitiveness replaces his beastlike playfulness and ignorance, and his sin reveals to him the knowledge of good and evil. Miriani is also changed.

* *Transformation; or the Romance of Monte Beni*. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

She feels cut off from the world, and pours the whole flood of her passion on the half-savage adorer whom she had previously despised. With this pair is contrasted a New England maiden, Hilda, who is the type of high-souled innocence, purity, and virgin modesty. She also is an artist; and we are therefore supposed not to feel surprise at finding that she lives, without any one to protect her, at the top of a high tower in the centre of Rome, where she feeds a brood of milky doves, and keeps a lamp burning in honor of the Virgin. She is a witness of the murder, and the burden cast on her mind by the dreadful secret impels her to the confessional, thus affording Mr. Hawthorne an opportunity of interweaving his reflections on the Catholic system. A lover is assigned her, both that his successful love may mitigate the blackness of the story, and also because, as he is a sculptor, Mr. Hawthorne has the pleasure of describing the real works of American sculptors at Rome under the fiction that they were the creations of this imaginary artist. Their property is duly restored to the authors in an explanatory and laudatory preface. However faulty the story may be as a story, it does undoubtedly produce the impression of mysterious horror that is so dear to Mr. Hawthorne: and it undoubtedly gives him an opportunity of describing Rome and rural Italy, discussing ancient and modern art, and noting down the reflections suggested to a meditative and romantic Puritan by the great embodiment and centre of Catholicism. We may add, that the style is singularly beautiful, the writing most careful, and the justness and felicity of the epithets used to convey the effect of scenery unusually great. The Americans may be proud that they have produced a writer who, in his own special walk of English, has few rivals or equals in the mother country; and they may perhaps allow this excellence to atone for the sincere contempt with which he evidently regards the large majority of his countrymen who show themselves on this side of the Atlantic.

We are not aware that there is any book which contains such excellent descriptions of Rome generally, and of some few of the more remarkable lions of the papal city. It is not only that the drawing of the thing to be represented is as full and accurate as can reasonably be expected in a sketch in words, but the general impression conveyed is exactly that produced by the grandeur and mournfulness, the sublimity and the pettiness, of Rome. As we read the description, we feel that it could belong to no other place, not merely because the special things of the locality are noted, but far more because the

peculiar atmosphere of Rome seems to pervade all that the author says. The description of the rude Tuscan castle, the ancestral home of Donatello, is equally good in its way, and is something quite new. The simple pride, the legendary nobility, the homely pomp of the masters of a remote Italian valley, with their precious vineyard, the juice of which is not to be had for gold, but flows freely for the guest, their devoted servants, their utter absence of thought for the present or care for the future, are brought home to us with the skill of a genuine artist. Extracts cannot do justice to the descriptive excellence of the book, as the whole is in this instance very much greater and better than any single part can be. No one who wishes for an entertaining novel ought to open *Transformation*; but those who sometimes open a novel to gain, if possible, some new thoughts from it, will find that there is seldom any thing in fiction so new—or, so far as descriptions of external objects are concerned, any thing so good—as the many passages in *Transformation* in which Mr. Hawthorne has depicted favorite studies from Tuscany and Rome.

On art Mr. Hawthorne has much to say. First of all, he has to give a kind lift to the reputation of some American friends. More especially he is anxious to sound the praises of a statue of Cleopatra, by Mr. William W. Story. Mr. Hawthorne is a good judge, and we do not mean for a moment to dispute his judgment as to a statue we have not seen; but it does not strike us as so great a triumph of original genius as he appears to think it, that Mr. Story, wishing to give Cleopatra new characteristics, has represented the daughter of the Ptolemies as a Nubian of Upper Egypt with a negro lip. Mr. Hawthorne has thought long and deeply about art, and although his conclusions are not those accepted in the artist world, we are convinced that for many minds they are extremely true. Hilda is represented in the early part of the story as the most successful copyist in Rome, so wonderful and complete is her power of throwing herself into the works she copies. But after her acquaintance with Miriani's terrible secret, she roams in vain through picture galleries, seeking rest. She cannot find any thing in art to satisfy her, except one or two pictures of extraordinary merit, inspired by the highest feeling. All but these she regards as acres of wasted canvas. We are not to suppose that this is Mr. Hawthorne's general opinion about art, but he wishes to point out that the limits within which art touches on the great permanent feelings of humanity are fixed and narrow. He sees that mere artis-

tic appreciation of art attains its ordinary maximum in the development of those faculties and qualities which make a good copyist. The old masters meant something and had something to embody in almost all the works of their art; and a student of their designs is an apt and a worthy student if he can make out what they meant. But it does not follow that what they meant was any thing very far above the common level of human thought. In the great crises of life, art, therefore, is apt to fail as a consolation and a guide. A few pictures, however, form a class by themselves, the thoughts under the spell of which they were designed being so evidently pure and heavenly. This conveys the feelings with which most persons of some sensibility go through and quit the great picture galleries of European capitals. At first the novelty stimulates the intellectual effort by which the spectator sets himself to decipher the meaning of a master. Then comes the "icy demon of weariness," and a painful sense of the contrast between the coldness and emptiness of art and the warmth and fulness of real life. Lastly, there remains an abiding recollection of a few pictures that come home to all that is best both in the most and the least instructed of visitors.

Mr. Hawthorne seems to have been greatly attracted by Catholicism. He was struck not only by the depth and greatness of the feelings that have shaped themselves in the architectural splendors and gorgeous ceremonials of Rome, but by the wonderful plasticity with which Catholicism adapts itself to every difficulty and sorrow, to men of every race and every age. Hilda, after wandering round St. Peter's, in her anguish stops at a confessional, and suddenly disburdens herself of her secret. Her relief and her happiness are so great that she will not allow her lover to sneer at the system that has given her a remedy in the sorest hour of her need. No one could fall more entirely than Mr. Hawthorne into the modern fashion of asking,

not whether a religion is true, but whether it is suitable to a particular individual. Hilda is made to ask, whether it is possible that the Virgin, to whom as a woman it would be so sweet to her to pray, is really deaf to the prayers of her worshippers. Nothing changes faster than the fashions of religious discussion. A few years ago, a Protestant would have thought that the whole matter was to be settled by inquiring whether the literal construction of the Bible pronounced the Virgin an object of adoration. Now, a Protestant novelist is full of the thought that it would be sweet to pray to her. As it happens, however, the same sensibility that attracts him to Catholicism also repels him from it, and when he ceases to reason he is as little able to make allowances where they are due as to discover faults where they exist. It is the priests and the papal government that seem to have scared Mr. Hawthorne from the Romish Church. They were such poor, mean creatures, and the papal government produced so much misery, poverty, and dirt, that, as the clean citizen of a state accustomed to make its own way in the world vigorously and demonstratively, he would not mix himself up with what he so thoroughly despised. His Protestantism seems to have been greatly indebted to the theory in which he finally rested—that the papal system is dying out. That it had once been the greatest and best expression witnessed on earth of religious thought accounted to him for all the fascination to which he made his imaginary Hilda temporarily succumb. That it was now expiring accounted to him for his personal abhorrence of the priests and the government. In an age when feeling supersedes logic, and the highest qualification of a religion is that it is suitable, we must own it to be not wholly undesirable that the *prestige* of Rome should be so largely counterbalanced, and its traditional skill so largely baffled, by the eminently uninspiring and unattractive spectacle which its temporal government presents.

Among the various papers presented to the Smithsonian Institute, is one on the domestication of the elk. Among those who have been most successful in the United States, are the late Col. J. Mercer, of Maryland; Clark Mills, near

Washington City; Lorenzo Stratton, of Cattaraugus County, New York; and Col. J. Tuley, of Clark County, Virginia. The latter has twelve full-grown animals ranging his parks, with sixty-four fallow deer.

From The Englishwoman's Journal.
SLAVE PREACHING.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Louisville, Kentucky, Sunday 7th.

THE colored church where I went this afternoon haunts me. I was there at half-past two to see the Sunday school. Saw a pretty little delicate white girl teaching five or six little boys, woolly headed but nice little fellows. The little girl was ten years old, and her pupils eight or nine; you should have seen her little motherly ways, passing her white hands over their black foreheads and wool to encourage them. I never saw a prettier sight. You think of Eva. So did I! In another pew a fine young black (quite black), with that lovely, Christ-like expression of noble patience, was telling a class of boys of God's judgments towards the righteous: he was very simple and eloquent, but quite on the wrong tack, because God does not reward all even with gold medals in this world, quite the reverse.

After the school came the service. I sat humbly down on a back seat, a negro said "Ma'am, go forward to the front, ma'am," so I moved into a pew higher up, but not quite in advance; the negroes in the pew said "Go to the front seat."

I said "No, thank you, but why?"

"Why! because whites don't like to sit with blacks."

"I am English, not American!"

Then they sang,

"He sends his word of truth and love
To all the nations from above;
Jehovah is resolved to show
What his almighty power can do." Etc.

I thought so when I heard the sermon, and saw the real religious feeling with which it was listened to. The text was, "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." The black man preached upon the character of a good pastor very well, with feeling and eloquence, then he spoke of the perfect pastor, and of aspiration in all to be like him. One sentence was remarkable and given with an astounding power of expression: "*The master passion of man is to imitate God.*"

I think he believed it, and that it was felt as true by his flock. After he sat down, notices were read; one was "The panorama of Europe will be opened for colored people on Monday." I stayed and talked to the women, who were very much enchanted with me. I was the only white there.

January 10th.

At five o'clock went into the black church; there were eight hundred or a thousand negroes, slave or free, and a white man, preach-

ing a sermon about the judgment-day, describing the tortures of the damned. The negroes shrieked and howled, and repeated the words "be damned," "all be judged," "justice done," "blessed Lamb," "God my Lord," jumping up and howling them out, and some of the women going on jumping and calling out until they fell down exhausted at the bottom of the pew. After the sermon, four babies and four or five adults were baptized; two of the babies were very white; two were mulattoes; one baby was as white as any I ever saw, and had blue eyes and flaxen hair. Then we all sang "Passing away," and I went out, and the Sunday school began. I wished much to stay, but was quite tired out by the excitement. I shall go again some Sunday. I saw some noble heads there: two mulatto men with heads like a bust I remember marked Vespasian in the Vatican; they must have been brothers, though they were not together. Many it is true resembled monkeys, but the majority were not disagreeable in feature, and had an attentive expression very touching to see. A white lady spoke to me, and said she thought there was more religion in the African than in the American race; that the poor, suffering creatures naturally turned to their heavenly Father. I thought of a line of Mrs. Brown-ing's,

"And they say God be merciful, who ne'er said
God be praised!"

Sunday, 24th.

Went to the church for colored people; in the courtyard I stopped a very dark man, and asked him if there were many slaves in the congregation; he said nearly all were slaves. I went in and heard the same singing I had heard before, and was more than ever struck with the intense expression of devotion on many faces. After the singing, a colored man from his pew prayed something after this manner: "O heavenly Father! we would ask thee to come down and visit our hearts this evening. Fill us with thy love, it is only thy spirit which can turn us to righteousness; let this time with thee be a holy time far withdrawn from all worldly thoughts. Let thy spirit, O God! be around, about, and within us. Steep us in thy holy love." There is something more pathetic than words can describe in the earnest devotion of this African race. I am sure they do believe in God and a future life with a vividness of faith very rare in Europeans. Olmsted does not believe they are really religious; he calls it superstition. Now I call it religion, because they take patience and consolation from their belief in God's eternal justice and love.

Did I tell you what happened to Mr. Spring when he came south, and visited a slave-owner who had a sick daughter? The slave-owner said, "Will you come and hear my negroes pray? one prays very well." Mr. S. assented, they went to the negro quarter, and the master said, "Now, Uncle Dick, give us a *short* prayer." Uncle Dick began: "O God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, etc., we thank thee for thy goodness to us daily, etc.; we bless thy name, etc., and pray that thy daughter be restored to health." He forgot God you see, and thought only of his master's presence.

New Orleans, Sunday, February 7th.

At nine went to the Sunday school of the colored church; the same church I have visited twice before. It was formerly called John Wesley's, but now St. Paul's. At the door was seated an old black woman enjoying the sunshine, and as no one was near I asked her questions. She said she was from Maryland, but had been here fifty-one years, she has been free since last July, having bought herself for twenty-five dollars. (In England we should give an old woman like her twenty-five dollars to provide for herself the rest of her life.) She said it was rather hard to have worked eighteen years for the same mistress, and then have to give her twenty-five dollars that she might belong to herself. There is a certain dignity in the bearing of a free negro when they say they belong to themselves, which I should be glad to see in many of our people who belong to themselves, but do not know how much they are worth, because they have never been slaves. She said she had always lived "a genteel life"—i.e., always sober—had had but one husband and only two children, both free, one in heaven, the other in Indiana with her husband, a free man. She asked me for a pieayen when I came away. I heard loud cries, prayers, and bursts of singing, from a room behind the pulpit, and asked if I might go in; she said "Yes, it was one of the class-teachers leading his class into glory." But when I tried to get in, I was told no stranger was admitted. I was intensely disappointed, but respected the veto. It was not a show, and I was glad of it. I heard enough to know the class was in a state of ecstasy of glory. I went into the chapel and sat down with ten children who were repeating a "*Catechism for the use of the Methodist Missions.*" Afterwards they sang hymns, one "I wish I were an angel," to the tune "I'd be a butterfly." I could not help singing, too, they enjoyed it so that it was quite catching. Now if I were a Barnum or an abolitionist, I think I should buy up five hundred little black angels, and

take them all over the world singing hymns and learning to be good free people, by which means we might gain one hundred thousand pounds, free five hundred niggers, and prove what they could do.

These little creatures seemed made of music, for when the teacher said "Common metre!" away they went, every one, down to the five-year-old, and no one leading them. They do not sing well, but their voices are good and their idea of time perfect. The teacher gave very little instruction, but his way with the children was good and they never got tired for a minute. During an hour and a half they were quite easily interested, but like little balls of quicksilver in their motions; they wanted lessons like Fröbel's, but with the exception of this natural restlessness they were a "likely set," and an English teacher would have enjoyed teaching them. I do not think one was a negro, they were mulattoes, griffes, etc. After the lesson I spoke to the teacher, a mulatto with a pleasant face; he told me he taught spelling and reading. Now it is against the law to teach slaves, and the greater part of these little ones were slaves, but such laws cannot be obeyed.

I walked down the street with a negro man, who promised to show me the Baptist church, but feared it was shut up—would go and see—the pavement was narrow and the negro bowed himself to the outside with the grace of a well-bred Englishman. The negroes here have a very agreeable manner, nothing exaggerated or ridiculous, such as the American caricatures would lead you to suppose. The black church was a rickety barnlike building, large enough to hold seven or eight hundred, with a verandah and seats outside, and a few trees in the yard just putting out their beautiful leaves. There were three negroes in the verandah and a white man inside the door, sitting on a chair; he held a baton, and looked ready for a scrimmage, his face was shrewd and kind, and I liked his appearance.

"Isn't there service this morning?" said I to Mr. P., as we will call him.

Mr. P. burst out in an indignant voice, "Of course there is; of course. Why, who has a right to shut up this church if I don't do it. I'd like to see 'em; this church belongs to the colored people, and no white man has a right to come and shut it up if I don't. I know seventeen years ago, Isaac (a colored man) built this church. Job and Sam helped him: and all this ground was a cypress swamp; they cut the trees and made the fence; Job put up that side, and Sam sharpened the ends of the piles. That graveyard alongside was far out in the country then. No man knows better than I that the

church and all belongs to the colored people. We don't want a Mississippi man a coming here to preach; why, they have got Ben for their preacher; didn't the congregation buy him to be their minister? What on *airth* has a white minister to do with them, be damned to him?" etc.

Now we got at the story. "A Mississippi Baptist minister came and preached here, and then said to the congregation, 'If you don't give me six hundred dollars a year I shall shut up the church;' and these poor slaves," as Mr. P. said, "could not work for their masters, give money to support the church, and six hundred dollars besides, and so the thief shut up the church, and said it was by order of the mayor. Now," Mr. P. said, "I am the officer of police, in whose care this church is, and, by God! I wont have the poor people shut out of their house, and here I am." Whereupon the negroes all shook hands with him and with me, and thanked God, and got quite excited; one old woman like a figure of Michael Angelo's, said, "Why should we want a white preacher, isn't Benjamin white enough to take care of our souls? and if we want a whiter, we will kill one of our own members, and bleed him white enough, we want no strangers. The Devil has come among us, but we'll stick together. The Devil has come because we were such a pure little spot here, but we'll drive him out." Then another woman, with an Egyptian cast of countenance, said, "if Mr. P. had not opened the church I should myself this morning, I came down and should have done it." Then they talked together, and the old sibyl abused the white minister who had sent the Mississippi thief to them, but the Memnonic woman said, "*It never does wrong to see the right,*" and began to excuse him. The sibyl replied, "Why doesn't he follow his own preaching, and do to others as he would they should do to him?"

It was a glorious bit of drama, and I was enchanted with the officer of police and the protection shown to these poor slaves. Every one who came in shook hands with him and with me, but the minister did not arrive, so I came away, promising to go back at three in the afternoon. As I was walking down to the church at that hour, I felt a familiar tap on the shoulder, and hearing "Good afternoon, madam," I turned round and shook hands with my police friend of the morning. He told me Benjamin, the minister whom the congregation had bought, was going to preach, so in I went; he set a chair for me right in the middle of the church, opposite the pulpit, which I declined and sat on a bench. The church was crammed as full as it could hold, with about an equal number

of men and women. The men were all well dressed, and looked healthy and peaceful if not happy. A certain pathetic expression of resignation was the prevailing expression, which changed to radiant merriment the instant any occasion was presented. The women were handsomely dressed, some of the young ones in fine bonnets, but the greater part had their heads covered with the regular negro handkerchief of red or yellow, and a very picturesque and impressive congregation they made.

After some hymns and a short prayer, Benjamin began his sermon from a text in John, describing the love and justice of Christ. Benjamin is, I should think, a pure black man, I could detect no trace of white blood in him, but I am often mistaken. His voice is agreeable and his manner good, his age I should guess about twenty-five. He put on a huge pair of white rimmed spectacles; I suspect they prevented him from seeing, but he thought they looked reverend. He began to preach in rather a sing-song way without much that was remarkable, but gradually warmed, until at the end of an hour he became quite eloquent; it is a fact that I listened to him for more than an hour and thought it was twenty minutes. It is impossible for me to write down any sentences which will give you an idea of the impression his sermon made upon me, because so much of that impression came from time, place, the exact adaptation of his sermon to his hearers, and my *rapport* at that time with them. He said "God had brought them together again, how deeply thankful they were, how Christ was waiting for all hearts—rich, poor, black, white, he wanted all. Come, come at once, before Christ there is no slave nor free, Christ is just. When I say free, I do not speak of freedom here below in the body, I do not meddle with slavery, for I believe what is done must be done, but I speak of our freedom, sisters and brothers, our freedom of soul, our equality in Christ." Then he gave a description of the love of Mary for her son; what a good kind mother she was, and how on that cold dark morning she went out to look for his body, and because it was so dark, mistook her beloved son for the gardener,* and then he told very vividly the whole story of the resurrection. "And what has he done? Why, he nailed our *paper of freedom* on his cross. And he, the same, the same good kind King, Friend, Father, Saviour, will receive us all. Not another Christ, but our own Christ. And all who know him, who have been *borned* again are *gvine* to him, the old Friend. Now, my brothers and sisters, suppose a gentle-

* The negro preacher here confused the Maries of the gospel.

man give you a pass [you must remember no slave can be out after eight at night without a pass signed by his owner], and you are out and taken up, aint you glad if the magistrate is the same gentleman as signed your pass, for then there's no trouble? Now, my dear friends, it is always so with us. It is before him who signed the pass that we shall all go."

This is a good illustration of his kind of eloquence, and there was a general hum of joy among all the people, they understood the simile perfectly.

"Now it is the same Lord, he who bought the soul with his blood, who will gallant you in unto his father's home, my sisters! O my sisters, love him, he is a fine gentleman for any lady's husband. O my brothers, love him! He is enchanting! He is a fine lady for any man's wife. Marry Christ! press him close to your souls. He makes a man like himself, and a man filled with Christ is gentleman enough to sit in any parlor."

He gave a description of the judgments of God in the last day, and how easy it was to lose the soul. "Why a man can lose his soul for the sake of a pocket-handkerchief. Some there are who deny that there is any hell. [A general laugh of pity.] Yes, my congregation! they say there is no everlasting burning, but I say there is, because God is just, he only takes what is his. Now suppose, my brothers, one of you was hired out to work for a gentleman on Camp [they do not say Camp Street, as we do], now when your work was done, you would not go to a gentleman on Canal for your wages, would you? Why should you? Now supposin' the gentleman on Camp was the Devil, and you worked for him, wouldn't a just God say, I pay my men, and I leave the Devil to pay his'n?" At the end he said, "Good-evening, congregation; good-evening, congregation; let us all shake hands. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Generally Benjamin's grammar was good; the mistakes I noticed I have given, he always said *expired* man for *inspired*, and confused *corrected* and *directed*; said *borned* for *born*, and pronounced going *gwine*.

Another negro also prayed: he was young and above six feet high, and one of the strongest looking men I ever saw, quite a giant; he stood up in his place among the men, who are all together, and there prayed; the upturned heads of the negroes all round, with their deep expression of attention, was a very wonderful picture. I was very near

them, and saw their faces; some full, and some black profiles against the light. Some I should have taken for Jews, and some were Scotch in outline, with strongly marked features, and no negro trace; yet these same, when I saw their full face, were very black and had woolly hair. After all was over, there began a universal shaking of hands all round. As for my new Jouvin gloves, both *droit* and *gauche* were grasped with terrible eagerness by black hands, and my two arms ached with the shakes I received. I talked to men and women, was presented by the gentleman of police to the minister and deacons, and shook hands again. They implored me to help in getting up a Sunday school, but I told them I must go away in a week.

Negroes are for the most part Methodists: a small number are Catholics. In Maryland and Louisiana the proportion of Catholics is more considerable.

Whatever be their form of religion, we must acknowledge that they have the religious sentiment highly developed. All consider themselves like the Hebrews in Egypt. They await their exit and their deliverance from the land of slavery. This conviction, maintained by a foreign power, would become dangerous for the Union.

In the slave states the preachers are generally slaves. They are paid by their congregation. The masters do not usually interfere with the preachers or their flocks. In the free states, the negroes have their private churches, in which ministers of their own race, either black or mulatto, officiate.

All their preachers are remarkable for memory and powers of elocution. They can recite whole chapters of the Old or New Testament without having recourse to the text. At the voice of the preacher the congregation groans, weeps, gesticulates, and indulges in strange movements. In leaving the church they shake hands with one another in token of their brotherhood; they do this also with the white strangers who may happen to be there.

In all the states we remarked the love the negroes have for Queen Victoria. They speak of her as their protectress, and hope that she will come one day and visit them. In the Canadas there are about thirty thousand negroes, free or fugitive, that the queen of England may consider as her most devoted subjects. At her command they would willingly take up arms against the United States, which God forbid!

B. L. S. B.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LITERARY SUBURB OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Every reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace and Pope and Boileau which describe how they lived and where they dwelt.—*Rogers.*

THE first half of the eighteenth century may be justly regarded as the Augustan age of English literature. Civilization in our country had been previously advanced by men of greater mind, by deeper thinkers, by writers of more lasting influence on mankind, than any that then appeared; but the literary craft had never been in so high repute, never had the man of letters, the professional author, been the subject of such general admiration or occupied so large a space in the public attention. Literary men were deemed the brightest ornaments of the courts of Queen Anne and her successor: there was no one with any pretensions to rank or fashion, from the richest manorial lord to the meanest parasite of the palace, who did not feel honored by their acquaintance and proud of their intimacy. To have spent a day at one of their villas was a source of worthy boasting to the most distinguished in arms and in politics as well as in learning. And now for a century have the longing thoughts of a nation hovered round this golden period of literature; not satisfied with merely reading the written works of those wits, we find a pleasure in repeopling the brilliant scenes, in recalling the *noctes cœnæque dei* amid which some of the most agreeable efforts of human wit and genius were produced, not antiquaries merely, but readers of every class, reperuse with all the enchantment that distance contributes, those periods in which for the first time the little actions of life, the ordinary events of private history, the quarrelling and heart-burning of political party, the ruling tastes, the prevailing follies, were raised from their vulgar insignificance by the pointed sallies of wit and the elegant graces of epigram.

For in those days to be lively, if not to be witty, to be able to turn a *bon mot*, always to have a smart saying on the tongue, was the aim of all who wished to sparkle in the fashionable world; and there was an inner circle of professed wits to whom all looked up as their intellectual models, who never said a fine thing or published a line that was not repeated a hundred times within the next twenty-four hours; their works were not read alone in libraries or the closets of the studious, but graced every boudoir and lay open on every toilette. Their names were in every

one's mouth; their latest effusions were the common subject of the politer gossip, and they are now the classics of England. Of this circle Alexander Pope became the centre—

"An intellectual ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity."

His groves at Twickenham were the resort of nearly every one of note for wit, for valor, even for beauty: they were the Dodonian oracles whence emanated the productions for which the world seemed so madly eager. While St. James was the capital of political England, Twickenham was its literary centre. In that age this village appears less as some secluded country parish selected for the beauty of its scenery and the salubrity of its air, than as the most rural, most embellished, most literary district of the crowning city of the empire.

In tracing how it became so, we must regard the biography of Alexander Pope. The son of a Roman-Catholic trader in Broad Street, London, who had retired to spend his earnings in Windsor Forest, he nurtured his mind with books, roaming about among them, as he expressed it, just where his fancy led him, like a boy gathering flowers in the woods and fields. He read them not for their language but for their thoughts, and paid them the highest and truest of all worship—the worship of imitation. He thus formed his own mind by the great minds of antiquity. Nor was he deficient in any of those external requisites for achieving greatness which are enumerated in the well-known passage of Pliny: "*Neque enim cuiquam tam clarum statim ingenium est, ut possit emergere, nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam commendatorque contingat.*" The taste for exact and polished literature, especially the poetic, was every day increasing. His hereditary fortune was sufficient to keep him from poverty till his own efforts should become lucrative. Nor was applause wanting to his verses, for his father, whom it was difficult to please, commended what he called "good rhymes," and encouraged the boy in making them, and he found a flatterer—"the most shameless of all flatterers"—in himself. At fifteen, an age when, carried away with the brilliancy of our designs, satisfied with the rude models that we make, we are blind to the difficulties of execution, Pope believed himself the greatest genius that ever existed. Such of his early poems as are preserved to the reader, coldly judging of another's self-conceit, scarcely support this opinion, and one is inclined to surmise that he became a great man because he thought himself one. At this early age one admires the precocity and flexibility rather

than the loftiness of his genius. An accident would have made him either a painter or a poet. He liked either art, but practised most and was best satisfied with himself in poetry; and a late posterity that shall enjoy the *Dunciad* and the translation of the *Iliad* after the paintings of Kneller and Hogarth have perished, will be grateful for the accident which, more than any natural inclination, led Pope to be the pupil of Dryden rather than the pupil of Jervas.

I know few more touching passages in the life of men who have achieved greatness than the early youth of Pope. Unknown, proscribed, deformed, living apart from the gay and busy world in Windsor Forest, he urged himself to almost superhuman exertion by visions of fame and glory which he lived to see fully realized. With a turn for versifying and a conviction that he was gifted with a higher genius than had ever been known before, he determined to make the world of his opinion. To that end he had, at so unripe an age as twenty-eight, published the *Essay on Criticism*; the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Windsor Forest*, and the *Temple of Fame* shortly followed. Encouraged by the approval they had met with, he was not slow to exercise his talents again, and by exercising to increase them. But his translation of Homer was not made without the greatest effort. From his own lively description we gather that at first (for practice gave him ease) he could never get the *Iliad* out of his thoughts. When people talked of going to church he went to sacrifice and libations. He addressed every parson as Chryses; and instead of the Lord's prayer began "God of the silver bow." It lay so heavy on his mind that he often dreamt of it, and the poor, brain-sick poet at last wished himself hanged to be rid of Homer. But his readers were not at all anxious to get rid of his Homer. So extensively was it sought after that Pope was the first of our authors who by the mere sale of his writings, with the aid of no patron, the smiles of no monarch, was enabled to live in independence and comfort. It was with the money that he received for part of his *Iliad* that, in 1717 and 1718, he built his villa at Twickenham. This was the first home of genius erected by the independent support of the English nation.

"Mr. Pope, the poet," was, at the time when he came to Twickenham (late in 1718), a study-worm, self-taught, and lately somewhat rakish young man of thirty. His health had always been of the most delicate, he spoke of his life as a long disease. He was so feeble that he could not dress or undress himself, and was always wrapped in fur and flannel. He derived from his father

a crooked, spider-like body, protuberant before and behind, and from his mother an aching head. His complexion was sullied with the sallowness of habitual ill health and the sickly hue of thought. He had nothing great about him but his mind, nothing fine but his thoughts and his eyes, nothing beautiful but his voice and his numbers. In his youth he was called the little nightingale, because his tones were remarkably melodious; and in later times the harmony of his verse has made him remembered by the name of the nightingale of Twickenham. There is perhaps no one among English authors whose literary character has been more often sketched and better understood than that of Pope. Industrious and learned, he was endowed with that only not morbid sensibility which is the stock in trade of a poet; but the exercise of this faculty induced him to act in a manner so contrary to the tender feeling displayed in his poetry, that the vulgar accuse him of being capricious. He who spared no pains to torture his literary adversaries, who was described by one of them, not without show of reason, as

"A crooked, petulant, malicious wight,
Unfit for commerce, friendship, love, or fight,"

was to be seen weeping over the tenderer passages of history and works of fiction. But it was because he was thus capable of intensely participating in the feelings and sentiments of others, and at the same time so keenly alive to their faults and their envy, that he regarded every slur on himself or his writings as just cause for the severest injuries he was capable of inflicting. A duller man would neither have sympathized so fully with others, nor been so tender of his own reputation. But the world has seldom seen a more irritable member of the proverbially irritable race of bards. It was a source of immense gratification to him to find that before the keen edge of his satire shrank those who feared nothing else—

"Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone."

His skill as a literary artist arose rather from the exercise of a strong judgment than from the force of genius. We can discover truth, though in a very disagreeable disguise, throughout the repeated assertions of Pope's parricidal editor, Mr. Bowles, that he was too much the poet of art, too little the poet of nature; that he chose for his subject the "arts of man," to the exclusion of the "works of God;" and in the violent contradiction of Lord Byron—the fervent admirer but not the imitator of Pope—in his extravagant preference of our poet to those loftier

minds beside whom he must be regarded as a mere rhymers,—may be traced the defects of one who owed every thing to genius, nothing to judgment. For this frivolous contest, maintained by the petulance of his adversary, the chivalrous devotion of his supporter, and the servile echo of reviewers, the celebrated grotto at Twickenham appears to have been the chosen scene.

The small tract of land between the high-road and the river occupied by the house and lawn, was connected with a garden of five acres across the road by a subterranean communication. Those who repel the charge that Pope was a mere indoor ethical poet who could think and write of nothing but man, cold to the beauties of uncultivated nature, and alive only to the wisdom, or that more fertile theme, the follies of mankind, not content with proving it from his writings, take us through his grotto into his garden. In the first they commend to our admiration the elegant and tasteful disposition of the splendid crystals, returning in a hundred prismatic hues the light reflected from the sparkling river; they beg a testimonial to the romantic skill which, at the expense of a thousand pounds, converted this tunnel—a mere hyphen between the house and garden—into so magnificent a “hall of shells,” and asserting that Pope’s poetic genius was seen not less in the adjustment of his grotto than in his best poems, they present to our notice the lines of its constructor—

“Thou, who shalt stop where Thames’ translucent wave

Shines a broad mirror thro’ the shadowy cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,

And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish’d gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent medals innocently glow;

Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold;—
Approach, but awful! Lo! the Egerean grot
Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Windham stole,

And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont’s soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.”

Adding, too, his description in prose, written in 1725:—

“I have put my last hand to my works of this kind in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto, I there formed a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in a rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple

you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light up, it affords you a very different scene: it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place.

“There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light and open; the other towards the gardens shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like the beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:—

“Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur
aquæ;

Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora,
somnia

Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavare, tace.”

“Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,

And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave;
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.”

“You’ll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.”

From the grotto we are conducted to the garden, where the quincunx, the vineyard, the orangery, the bowling-green, “the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his mother’s tomb” (the words are those of Walpole), are appealed to as a proof that he was, as the elegant French poet called him, “*Bienfaiteur des jardins ainsi que du langage.*” And here we are triumphantly asked whether he can be justly said to have been insensible to nature who in that little spot made more variety and scenery than had ever been before contrived within five acres, he insensible to nature who having first ridiculed the formal notions of gardening adopted from France and Holland, and formed the taste of William Kent, to whom our nation is indebted for those correct notions on landscape gardening for which

the nations of the continent honor us, made his own little garden at Twickenham so perfect that it was chosen as a model for the gardens of Frederick Prince of Wales, at Carlton House, and professed himself, with a pardonable affectation, more proud of his garden, laid out so as to show the "amiable simplicity of unadorned nature," than of his poems.

His opponents are content to overlook the doctrine that all true poets are gardeners (a proposition of which I believe the converse is not always correct); and finding no traces of poetical genius in his lawns and groves, or maintaining that all this dressing of nature was as artificial and unnatural as the poems they complain of, on that or similar grounds confine themselves to the grotto, and with their polemic Prebendary condemn it as puerile and affected, or with the Fleet Street hero say that "vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage," quoting, too, the coarse lines in Lady Mary W. Montagu's description of the Court of Dulness:—

"Her palace plac'd beneath a muddy road,
And such the influence of the dull abode,
The carrier's horse above can scarcely drag
his load.

Here chose the goddess her belov'd retreat,
Which Phœbus tries in vain to penetrate;
Adorn'd within with shells of small expense,
(Emblems of tinsel rhyme and trifling sense,)
Perpetual fogs enclose the sacred cave,
The neighboring sinks their fragrant odor
gave,

In contemplation here she pass'd her days."

Who shall settle a controversy so entangled and so frivolous? Must we think of Pope as a sublime philosopher, and a poet as much of nature as of art, retiring under ground (as they say Demosthenes did for two or three months while incubating a speech) to a beautiful cave built of nature's sparkling gems, opening on one end to a delightful garden, and from the other commanding a view of the river, there to enjoy contemplation, drink Helicon, and be quit of the cares, the passions, and the vanities of this world; or are we to picture him a little fretful cripple, inhumed in a cellar under a road, patching it up with sea-shingle, a mere literary mechanic, with thoughts as earthly as his habitation, and as malignant as any other underground reptile? Or shall we not rather, dismissing alike extravagant praise and scurrilous detraction, allow Pope to have been in every thing he undertook a consummate artist? The nephew of Cooper the painter, and the pupil of Jervas, he only wanted practice to have rivalled Kneller in his own art; he needed nothing but a good figure to have had all the acquired graces of

an actor or an orator; and even as it was he gave lessons in them, for he was one day found instructing Lord Mansfield in the histrionic part of oratory: he exploded by his taste and judgment an ugly fashion in gardening; nor was he without some good notions on architecture; and he gained his high fame in poetry, not more by the force of natural talent than by the practice of literary artifice. He was master not only in the legitimate arts of literary composition—it was only by intense study, continued imitations of good authors, and constant practice in verse-making, that he polished to perfection that rude turn for rhyming which he had when he "lisp'd in numbers:" not only was he master in that judicious method of adopting the thoughts of others, which is just beyond the line of plagiarism, but also in all the less honorable devices of literary chicanery; he omitted no contrivance for keeping his writings and his reputation before the public. There was always something fresh from Mr. Pope. His friends were always prepared with an answer of tantalizing mystery to the question—What is Mr. Pope employed on now? It became the fashion to attribute to Mr. Pope any good piece published with a manifestly false name, or without any name at all; and of all the feats of literary diplomacy, certainly the most skilfully contrived and the most successful, was the way in which the artful poet got his letters published apparently without his consent by the bamboozled bookseller Curl, who by a trick of fame will be as immortal as the illustrious men whom he admired and cheated. Must we not then regard Pope less as a mighty genius than an accomplished artist in poetry? To him be all the praise of a successful artist. While universal consent admits him into the rank of the great, the candid and unprejudiced scrutinizer of his acts will deny him a place among the few—the remarkable few—who have not mixed trick and chicanery with the merit that has raised them not only to, but above, that proud eminence.

But he was a poet of the school of those who rely for their success on the practice of correct elegance; as such, his name has been a watchword in that smouldering contest that exists in all critical ages, at times almost extinct, at others breaking out into fierce warfare between the Homerists and the Virgilians, between the champions of what is called natural poetry, an unpolished diamond, and the admirers of elegant, correct, or, in the dislogistic term of the Homerists, artificial verse. Those who for one fine and lofty stroke are content to pardon a dozen inelegancies and defects, and if a poet sometimes debases himself below mediocrity forgive him because he often soars above it,

maintain, if they be Frenchmen, the excellence of Corneille and Crébillon; if Italians, of Dante and Ariosto; if our own countrymen, Cowper, Dryden, and still more Lord Byron; while those who can never bring themselves to admire any thing that fails in correctness of language, that wants the harmonious and chastened elegance of Virgil, give the palm to Racine and Voltaire, to Tasso, to Pope, and Crabbe. The two classes of bards may be distinguished in a manner more suited to the taste of the last than the present century, as those upon whom the Muses descended at their birth, who have the power without the show of art, and those who with much toil and much display of art have succeeded in climbing Parnassus. The dispute will always continue: so long as there are men who love the bold, the reckless, the soaring, and the eccentric, there will be Homerists; while there shall remain a taste for polished harmonious poetry, for bards who "stooped to truth and moralized their song," there will be Virgilians.

That Pope was deficient in originality, is a not less erroneous notion than those which we have already discussed. But while it is acknowledged that he has enriched the language with many new and original turns of speech, it cannot be denied that he was about the most consummate library adopter we have had. Scarcely an elegant turn is to be found in our language which he has not somewhere introduced into his writings, and very many he naturalized from the ancient or from foreign authors; but he was no vulgar plagiarist, he never appropriated ready made; if he stole, he stole only the raw material, and moulded the idea, refitted the phrase, till he had made it his own. To be selected out of a second-rate author and put into one of Pope's lines was the apotheosis of an expression.

Pope finished his house and his Homer much about the same time. An elegant poem by Gay, written "to welcome Mr. Pope from Greece," celebrates not less the fame of his translation than the number and distinction of his friends. They are supposed to be assembled on the banks of the Thames, anxiously awaiting the return, after six years, of the modern Ulysses, and giving him a hearty welcome as he approaches. One object of the poem is to enumerate those who at this period enjoyed Pope's intimacy, and it proves that the *Personæ Papiantæ*, like the *Personæ Horatiana*, contain the name of almost every distinguished man and woman of the time.

It was no vulgar reward of his genius, that at his house authors such as Thomson, Mallet, Gay, Swift, Hooke, Glover, Arbuth-

not, Voltaire, artists like Kneller and Jervas, met Cobham, Bathurst, Lyttelton, Chesterfield, Marchmont, Mansfield, Peterborough, Bolingbroke, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Mary W. Montagu, many other lords and ladies, and untitled worth like that of Ralph Allen. In his little territory poets sometimes furnished themselves with patrons, and hostile partisans met on terms of social intercourse; nor was it altogether a fable that from his grotto the passions and disquietudes of life were banished. It was no mere love of learning, no longing for retirement, no ambitious, no sordid motives that drew these bright assemblages to Pope's villa, but a mingled homage to genius, and fashion; to genius, because under his roof were to be met all the most eminent of his brother authors whose hearts beat high for praise; to fashion, because literary men were in those days the acknowledged chiefs amid minds endeavoring to be congenial with theirs.

In the spring of 1726, Dean Swift came over from Ireland, and stayed two months in Pope's house at Twickenham. He was then in the very height of his popularity, in his native country the oracle of public opinion. The people only knew what they wished when they read it in the pamphlets of Swift, as at this day some enlightened politicians are not conscious of their opinion till they find it expressed by the editor of a daily paper. During his previous sojourn in England, he had been a prominent supporter of the Harley Administration, and a very dutiful subject of Queen Anne. From being a courtier to kings and ministers, he became a courtier to the mob, and with them, the man who is once admitted a consul to advise, soon becomes a dictator to command. Swift had just succeeded in forcing, for it is an abuse of terms to call it persuading, the frantic Irish to reject the halfpence coined by William Wood, the issue of which he represented in the Drapier's letters to be an usurpation of English ministers over Ireland, and their rejection to be the Irishman's "first duty to God next to the salvation of their souls." The people loved him for deceiving them, and accorded him all the glory that awaits on unexposed misrepresentations and clever effrontery, and though a private man, he boasted, not vainly, that before his attack the proudest ministry would fall. But for him, who in his writings dared God and man, an overturn or a hole in the wall had terrors insurmountable. The raging demagogue, the destroyer of ministries, the threatener of kings, all the way from London to Windsor kept his head out of window, shouting to the postilion to be cautious

of an overturn, and nothing could induce him to venture through the aperture of the wall at Rochester ruins where children were playing and women exploring.

I had once some thoughts of drawing out a character of Dr. Swift quite different from that which usually adorns his biographies, which yet must have been held of unimpeachable accuracy, if I could have obtained the reader's assent to one postulate—viz: "Let it be granted that when a man attributes a characteristic to the whole human race, he possesses that characteristic himself." It has been suggested that some men are fiends of God's making; some of their own. Swift had the advantage in the maker.

The dean was allied to Pope by that firmest tie of friendship—a community of sentiments, of interests, and of hatreds. Pope from his religion was a Jacobite Tory, but believed himself more a Whig. Swift was in matters ecclesiastic an Hanoverian Tory, but in matters political sided with the Whigs. He turned the scale to either side as occasion required; but whichever he supported, he supported and fought for violently. Whether he was a member of the church spiritual grave doctors question, with more reason than if they were to doubt that he was a divine of the church militant. In fact lubricity contended with vehemence for being the chief characteristic of his politics. The Tory opposition was almost annihilated; office was in the hands of the Whigs, whose leader, Sir Robert Walpole, governed the country with the spirit of a tradesman and the power of a despot. Literature was too much connected with the Tories to gain favor with a minister in whose mind there was no distinction between his own and his country's interests. Nevertheless, it was alike the object and the bent of Pope and Swift to make what use they could of the little court influence that their literary fame might yet retain for a member of a proscribed creed ill-affected to the government, and the high churchman whose promotion had been prevented and whose unprincipled revenge had been excited by the powerful and unforgiving minister. They were bound also by literary ties. At the house of Pope, Swift could renew his familiarity with brother authors whom his invitation could not induce to visit the willows of Laracor or the deanery of St. Patrick. He affected to think he had need of Pope's judgment and advice in preparing some works he had by him for the press. Their literary enemies were the dunces of Grub Street, who had chosen for generalissimo in their battles with the Twickenham *littérateurs*, Dennis, a critic endowed with skill enough to make him terrible, if his ungovernable temper had not

made him ridiculous. In addition, they were both attacked by the few literary men of the Whig party who were among the doubtful friends of Swift and the avowed enemies of Pope.

At the poet's villa Swift met many of his former friends and allies—Arbuthnot, Gay, and Bolingbroke, whom posterity condemns for his philosophy and applauds for his oratory, though not a speech of his has reached us. They received him with a joy perhaps the more sincere because they no longer were members of the party in power, and had to look for friends to other motives than those of political interest. Swift was no longer the patron of Pope; they met on terms of equal friendship, and the dean lived in Pope's villa at Twickenham nearly the whole two months he spent this year in England. It was honorable to Pope that an acquaintance begun in Queen Anne's reign, ripened into friendship when Swift had ceased to have ministerial influence. But one cause that facilitated their literary partnership was the total absence of rivalry, of which any danger was excluded by the perfectly independent objects of their ambition. They never crossed each other's path. The aim of Pope was to be one of the despots who are ever reigning in the miscalled republic of letters; that of Swift to be an English bishop. The poet succeeded, though repeatedly obliged to repel the attacks of small critics and mediocre satirists; and nothing could have prevented the author of the *Tale of a Tub* from being a bishop, if only he had believed the religion which he preached. Pope was in character and pursuits a literary man; his whole energies were directed to achieve immortal fame as an author. His literary reputation was what he labored to found, support, and defend in the hours of seclusion which with him, precluded from taking an active part in the gayeties of life by his weakness and deformity, and in professional employments by the penal restrictions under which he labored, formed the greater part of a life which must have been spent, if not in such occupations, in an unlettered and necessitous indolence. The fame of his works was cherished by him with a sensitiveness only not morbid; hence arose the irritation with which he received the attacks of the dunces, and the trouble he took to expose those whom it would have been more becoming his dignity to have left to silent contempt. Himself, not time, was to be the silencer of every dissentient voice to his glory. Swift's views were all political. Disappointed ambition sharpened the edge of those satirical powers with which he seems to have been early gifted, and whose early use mainly impeded the attainment of his ambition. But though a satirist of surpass-

ing merit, so little tender was he of his reputation as an author, that no attacks on his literary efforts annoyed him unless they interfered to prevent the end which his writings were designed to accomplish. He would have despised to pass his life in the fastidious composition of sentences, or to flatter the ear, but when he despaired of otherwise addressing the reason; and as for his critics, he contented himself with invariably consigning them all to the special care of Beelzebub. Literature was to Swift nothing but a field whereon he might display in many colors the extent, the variety, and the brilliancy of his genius. Temporal power was the reward which was to crown his victories. He longed more for the fear than the admiration, still less the love, of his fellow-creatures. To be a formidable and dignified partisan, dreaded by friends and foes alike, was the ungratified ambition of this highly gifted and detestable man.

It is instructive to observe the different tactics which the critics used in their wars against Swift, callous to his fame as an author, and against the sensitive poet. There yet exist a few copies of a scurrilous volume called *Gulliveriana*, full of criticisms of which one would rather be the object than the author; where capital letters, italics, and notes of admiration serve instead of sense or humor. The writer was evidently actuated by equal hostility to the poet and to the satirist; but what he says of Pope almost entirely consists of attacks on his deformity and calumnious falsehoods, while the accusations against Swift are most of them proved facts. To speak the truth was the deadliest revenge of Swift's enemy. The Grub-Street worthies knew well where the sensitiveness of their opponents lay. Pope's verses they profess to be an abomination—the most ardent trash in our language. Swift's prose was the object of their applause, though not of their imitation.

These were among the causes of Pope's unbroken intimacy with Swift—an intimacy which was shared by a third wit who resided with Pope during the time the dean was in his house. This was John Gay, an early

and dear friend of Pope. Of the same age, though of dissimilar dispositions, they continued a most intimate intercourse, which was never interrupted till the death of Gay. The world generally regards a poet as a wild child of nature carolling the lays with which she has inspired him, and totally inattentive to all sublunary things that fail to afford him pretty images or fine similes. Although this notion partakes itself of the poetical, there is truth in it so far that avarice is a passion alien from the true bardic breast, yet a lively anticipation of transactions with the bookseller is believed to be an excellent generator of inspiration. Though Pope was far from deficient in attention to these matters, he was yet surpassed by Gay in that keen love for those commercial ceremonies which seldom fail to gild the laurels to which a poet aspires. Six years before, he was thrown into a colic by the loss of some South Sea stock which had been given him by Craggs the younger; and he was only restored to the disconsolate Muses by the skill of Arbuthnot and the tender care of his friends, among whom Pope was particularly conspicuous in his attentions. Though Gay, always afraid to offend the great, was constantly in hope of some good-fortune that was to happen to him, and was consequently exposed to continual disappointment, his constitutional cheerfulness and good temper never deserted him, and the wits with whom he associated loved his childlike simplicity, and gratified at once their affection and their vanity by correcting and assisting in his writings. They treated him more as a sister than a brother author. In 1726 he made the third of the illustrious trio of wits to whom Lord Bolingbroke wrote an epistle most remembered for its address: "To the three Yahoos of Twickenham—Jonathan, Alexander, John, most excellent Triumvirs of Parnassus." They employed themselves in criticising each other's works with friendly severity; and we know that in this conventional of wits some of the most celebrated pieces in English literature were either planned or received the finishing strokes.

THE artesian well at Reading, Penn., which has been some time in progress, for the large brewery, has reached the depth of 1,700 feet, being the third in depth in the United States. One at Columbus, Ohio, is 2,340 feet, and one

at St. Louis 2,282 feet. This one at Reading is all its depth through solid rock; the bore is four inches, and the drill is driven by a steam engine, and requires but three men at a time, who alternate with three others, so as to keep the work in constant operation.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE MINOR WORKS OF ROGER BACON.*

FOR several centuries after his death the reputation of Roger Bacon—a genius only inferior, if indeed inferior, to his great namesake of Elizabeth's reign—had dwindled to little more than the “shadow of a mighty name.” By the orthodox he was dimly remembered as a rash freethinker and a would-be innovator, born greatly out of season; by the multitude at large, as the first who, to evil purpose, had brought into commixture sulphur, charcoal, and “villanous saltpetre;” by the superstitious, the anile, and the childish, as a conjuror and magician, the owner, too, like his contemporary, Albertus Magnus, of a brazen head that could hold a colloquy or sing a psalm.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries some few scraps and fragments, culled from Bacon's genuine works, were at times committed to print; while a far greater amount of flatulent pretentiousness and verbosity was palmed by the press upon a credulous public under the sanction of his name. It was not, however, till the succeeding century that this greatest thinker of mediæval times received that meed which is the due of all men, great or little,—that of being judged of by their works, and not taken at the estimate of the ignorant or the malicious. In the year 1733,—frigid days for the cultivator of mediæval lore,—the *Opus Majus*, Bacon's principal work, thanks to the learning and energy of Dr. Samuel Jebb, first appeared in print; to the extent, that is to say, of six parts out of seven or eight. His labors, however, seem hardly to have met with the encouragement that was their due; for here he stopped short, and the rest of the learned Franciscan's works were left yet a century and a quarter longer to a silent repose amid the dust of our libraries, hermetically sealed to ninety-nine-hundredths of the learned even, under the crabbed brachygraphy and perplexing perversions of the mediæval transcribers.

Thus long in abeyance, the mantle of Dr. Jebb seems to have fallen at length upon good and able shoulders. Exercising a wise discernment in reckoning the unpublished works of Roger Bacon among the “Memorials of Great Britain during the Middle Ages” which deserve, through the agency of the press, to see the light, the master of

the rolls has been no less fortunate, to our thinking, in his selection of a scholar peculiarly competent, in every point of view, to the undertaking of a task beset with difficulties of no ordinary nature. The work of publication of these valuable remains being thus happily continued, we shall content ourselves for the present with expressing a wish that Mr. Brewer may be more fortunate than his learned predecessor in this respect, and may have every facility afforded him of bringing his edition of the *Opera Minora* of Roger Bacon to a legitimate termination, by leaving not a line of his undoubted composition out of print.

The history of Bacon's principal works, the *Opus Majus*, *Minus*, and *Tertium*, is curious. To a pope, in all probability, we are primarily indebted for their existence, and yet to that pope do we owe little thanks for the advantage to learning so gained. To call things by their right names, these works originated in what was little better than a swindle and a fraud; a fraud, too, perpetrated upon a penniless friar by the wearer of the tiara.

On the occasion of the wars between Henry III. and De Montfort, with his confederate barons, Pope Urban the Fourth, with an obliquity of moral perception at which, in his case even, we are half inclined to feel surprised, came to a resolution “that he would die sooner than fail in bringing back the rebellious English to their obedience,” and, accordingly, despatched Guy de Foulques, a quondam soldier and lawyer, but now cardinal bishop of Sabina, on a mission (1263 or 4) to this country. The envoy seems to have been fully animated by the same spirit as his master, as the violence of his conduct any thing but conciliated him to the great majority of the English. Bacon, adopting the political principles probably of the rest of his family, was a supporter of the royal cause; and this circumstance, not improbably, it was, that led to his introduction to the papal legate. Some conversation seems to have passed between them on this occasion, but to what effect we have no means of knowing.

Within the lapse of one year the Bishop of Sabina was advanced, under the title of Clement IV., to the papal see. Before his elevation he appears to have requested, through a mutual friend, a further and fuller explanation of Bacon's previous communication; a demand which he reiterated shortly after his accession to the papal throne. The letter written by his holiness on this occasion—indeed, the only letter that he is known to have written to the philosopher—is still in existence. To our thinking, it is dark, heartless, and unsatisfactory; but, in order

* “Fr. Rogeri Bacon. Opera quædam hactenus Inedita. Vol. I. Containing, I. *Opus Tertium*. II. *Opus Minus*. III. *Compendium Philosophiæ*. Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A., Professor of English Literature, King's College, London, and Reader at the Rolls. Published by authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.” London: Longmans.

that our readers may form their own opinions on the matter, we annex a translation of it as given in page 1 of Mr. Brewer's volume:—

"To his dearly beloved son, Brother Roger, surnamed Bacon, of the Order of Friars Minorites. We have thankfully received the letters of your devoutness, and have further marked diligently the matters which, in explanation thereof, G. surnamed Bonecor, a knight, has by word of mouth, as faithfully as discreetly, communicated unto us. However, to the end that it may be still more evident unto us what it is you are aiming at [*intendas*], we do will, and do by our precept, in these writings apostolic conveyed, command that, the ordinances of any superior whatsoever, or any enactment of your order whatsoever, to the contrary notwithstanding, you do not omit to send unto us with all speed, written out in fair writing, a copy of that same work which we have already requested you to communicate unto our beloved son, Raymond de Laon, holding minor office; and by your letters do make known unto us the remedies which, as it appears to you, ought to be employed in reference to those matters which of late, upon the occasion of so great peril, you pointed out; and that this you do as secretly as you may, and without delay.

"Given at Viterbo, the tenth of the Calends of July [22 June], in the second year [of the pontificate]."

Such to all appearance was the beginning and the end of Pope Clement's literary correspondence with Roger Bacon; and, at the risk of reiteration, we must say that, to our thinking, he merits few of those compliments which Mr. Brewer has lavished upon him in page xvii. of his preface, considerably modified though they are by the plain truths which he has disclosed in pages xxii. and xxiii. As a man of a fair degree of intelligence, and endowed probably with some powers of discrimination, Clement could not fail to have been struck with the marvellous Franciscan: but his sole feeling, in our opinion, whether as cardinal or pope, was a vague curiosity, in combination, not improbably, with a lurking fear lest the mental powers of Bacon might prove in the end even more dangerous to the papacy than the physical force of De Montfort and his coadjutors had proved to the despotic supremacy of the English crown.

Laying his rigid injunctions upon the willing but poverty-stricken friar, Clement seems to have resolved that his task should be performed under every possible discouragement. He knew that as a friar Bacon was bound by his vow of poverty, and yet he ordered him to send a *fair copy* of his works; he knew that within the walls of a Franciscan friary no writing was allowed to be committed to paper, and yet he bound him most rigidly to conceal the fact that he was working by the

pope's command, without taking the slightest pains to save him from the persecution of his superiors for this apparent breach of rules; he knew that at Paris, as elsewhere, the charges of good scribes—men who could write *bonæ litteræ* fit to be put before a pope—were immoderately high, and yet during the fifteen months that the work was in progress, he resolutely forbore—"neglected" is not the word—helping the bewildered philosopher with a single penny. This was making bricks without straw, with a vengeance.

Treated in such a way as this, there can be no doubt that Bacon keenly felt his papal patron's worse than indifference. The following passages from his introductory Epistle (pp. 15, 16 of the *Opus Tertium*) to Pope Clement sufficiently show not only the hardships he had endured, but to whom, in his own opinion, he was indebted for them. They are in striking contrast certainly with the fulsome, almost servile, adulation of some of the preceding, as well as following, pages; but in the one instance it is the Franciscan devotee who speaks, in the other the slighted philosopher and the injured man:—

"And then besides," he says, "there arose far more important reasons for delay, reasons which many a time have forced me to despair. A hundred times indeed have I thought of giving up the undertaking altogether; and had it not been from a feeling of reverence for the vicar of our Saviour alone, and the consciousness that an advantage to the world at large ought to be secured solely by his agency, I would not have moved a step further in the matter against such impediments as these, for all the considerations that might have been put forward by the Church of God, however importunate and however urgent. The first impediment then was created by my superiors, who (as you had written not a word for me in the way of excuse, while I, as in duty bound, felt unable to reveal your secret, in obedience to your injunctions to keep your orders strictly concealed) were always urging me with inexpressible vehemence, to show obedience to their injunctions in that as in other respects. This, however, I could not do, bound as I was by the instructions from yourself which obliged me to the performance of your work, in spite of any mandate issued by the superiors of my order. And assuredly, the result of my not being so excused by you was, that I had to put up with impediments so many and so great, that it is quite impossible for me to enumerate them. Certain particulars, however, in reference to impediments of this description, I shall set forth probably in the proper place; and, bearing in mind the importance of the secret, will write them with my own hand. And then, again, I met with an impediment of another description, one quite sufficient to upset the whole enterprise; and that was, want of money. For, to carry out this work, more than sixty livres Pa-

rian were required, the account and particulars of which expenditure I will satisfactorily set forth on a fitting occasion. I am not surprised, indeed, at your never thinking of this outlay; because, seated as you are on the highest pinnacle of the world, you have to think of matters so numerous and of such importance, that it is impossible for any one to conceive the anxieties that occupy your mind. Still, however, those who acted between us and carried the letters, acted without forethought in not mentioning to you the expenses; and as for themselves, they would not lay out a single penny, although I told them that I would send you a written statement of my expenditure, and that to every one should be repaid what was his. As for myself, I have no money, as you are aware, nor can I have any; * and consequently, I cannot borrow, as I have not wherewith to repay. Accordingly, I sent to a wealthy brother of mine in my native country,† who, however, being one of the king's supporters, was then in banishment, as well as my mother, brothers, and the rest of my family, and had had more than once to ransom himself on being taken by the enemy; the result of which was that he was so utterly ruined, and so impoverished, that he could not help me; nor, indeed, have I had an answer from him even to this day. Still, however, bearing in mind your injunctions and the reverence that is your due, I pressed many persons, and men of high standing on the subject; the faces of some of them are well known to you, but not their minds. I told them, though without explaining what it was, that a certain matter had to be transacted for you in France by myself, the execution of which required a considerable sum. But how often I was set down as importunate, how often repulsed, how often deluded with vain hopes, how utterly I was at a loss within myself, is more than I can express. Because I could not explain to them the nature of the transaction, even my friends declined to believe me; the result of which was, that by that path I could not speed. Distressed, therefore, beyond any thing that can be imagined, I prevailed upon the people of my house,‡ and other poor persons, to turn every thing into money that they had, to sell much of their property, and to pawn the rest, even at usury in many instances; engaging § that I would write to you the particulars of my expenditure, and that in all good faith I would obtain from you full repayment. And yet, such was their poverty, that I repeatedly abandoned the task, and repeatedly did I give it up in despair and forbear to proceed. Indeed,

* Having taken the vows of poverty, as a Franciscan.

† This shows that these works were written abroad, in France, as seen again below. This brother, not improbably, was Sir Edmund Bacon, of Wiltshire or Hampshire, mentioned in the ancient list of knighthood temp. Henry III. in the *Antiq. Repert.*, i. 105.

‡ Or friary; this seems to be the meaning of *familiares*, as it can hardly mean relatives in this instance, or friends.

§ This almost looks like breaking his secret with the pope.

had I felt sure that you had never taken the account of my expenditure into consideration, I would not have proceeded for all the world; in fact, I would have gone to prison sooner. And as to sending messengers to you for the money required for my expenses, that was impossible, seeing that I had no means of sending. I always preferred, too, whatever I could get, expending the same in carrying out my object, rather than in sending to you a messenger on my own account. In addition to this, from the reverence I owe to you, I determined not to make out any account of my expenditure before I sent you something, at once to give you satisfaction, and to afford ocular testimony that there had been such outlay."

A singular picture this of the disheartening circumstances under which were written, what were undoubtedly the most wondrous compositions of mediæval times. The *Opus Majus* (and probably the *Opus Minus* as well) had been forwarded to the pope already, the *Opus Tertium* being merely ancillary to them, and intended to perform the double duty of an introduction and a supplement. The pope, however, had made no sign of remuneration; and in the same disposition he in all probability continued till the end of his papacy, about thirty months after the date of his enigmatical letter. Only once, in after years, as Mr. Brewer informs us, does Bacon allude to the subject, simply remarking that the "Lord Clement" had in former days laid certain injunctions upon him, but not uttering a word to lead us to suppose that he had ever received any proof of the pope's generosity or justice. Indeed, it appears to us by no means unlikely that Clement had found the *Opus Majus* quite as dangerous a composition as he had anticipated: in addition to which, being hardly the person to relish such hard hitting—by a side-blow even—as had been dealt him in the foregoing extract, he not improbably was too glad to combine economy with indignation, and to punish alike the friar's dangerous tendencies and his impertinence, by closing his ears, as well as his pockets, to his importunities. That Clement took any part, however, in the ultimate persecution of Bacon for heresy, we cannot for a moment believe. The comparatively short period of his existence after the completion of the *Opus Tertium* would hardly allow him time and opportunity for any such manifestation of his ill-will.

We quote the following summary of the *Opus Tertium* from Mr. Brewer's prefatory notice; beyond which, we do not purpose giving any extracts from his ably written introduction. Our circumscribed limits would not allow us to do any thing like justice to it viewed as a whole, and, considered fragmentarily, it would only suffer from the mutilation. Bacon's contemplated great ency-

clopædical work, we will only remark here, comes under the learned editor's notice; his views of the learning and philosophy of his day; his estimate of Aristotle; his abhorrence of the bad translations from the Greek that were then universally current; his opinions on logic, metaphysics, geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, geography, chronology, music, general physics, and alchemy. All who wish to arrive at a fair appreciation of the main contents of the volume, will be the better qualified, we are inclined to think, for a by no means easy task, by availing themselves of these results of deep thought and careful consideration.

"The *Opus Tertium*," Mr. Brewer says (p. xlv.), "was intended by the author to serve as a preamble to the *Opus Majus* and *Opus Minus*, though later than either in the date of its composition. Inferior to its predecessors in the importance of its scientific details and the illustration it supplies of Bacon's philosophy, it is more interesting than either, for the insight it affords of his labors and of the numerous obstacles he had to contend with in the execution of his work. The first twenty chapters detail various anecdotes of Bacon's personal history, his opinions on the state of education, the impediments thrown in his way by the ignorance, the prejudices, the contempt, the carelessness, the indifference of his contemporaries. From the twentieth chapter to the close of the volume he pursues the thread of the *Opus Majus*, supplying what he had there omitted, correcting and explaining what had been less clearly or correctly expressed in that or the *Opus Minus*. In chapter lii. he apologizes for diverging from the strict line he had originally marked out, by inserting in the ten preceding chapters his opinions on three abstruse subjects, vacuum, motion, and space, mainly in regard to their spiritual significance. . . . As an instance of immense labor, and application almost superhuman, these three answers to the demand of the pope must be reckoned among the most remarkable curiosities of literature, independently of their intrinsic merits. Without Bacon's positive assertion and the incontrovertible evidence furnished by the treatises themselves, the facts now to be stated would have appeared incredible. The papal letter to Bacon is dated from Viterbo, 22nd June, the second year of Clement's pontificate A.D. 1266. If Roger Bacon was at Paris, or in any other part of France, at the time, as may be inferred from his own statements, some days must have elapsed before the mandate could have reached him. A delay of weeks, if not months, intervened before the necessary transcribers could be collected, or the funds raised, indispensably required for the fulfilment of his task. Yet all was accomplished, and the three works completed before the close of the year 1267! . . . He has recorded his most solemn and positive assurance, that at the time of his receiving the papal letter, no portion of his works had been committed to writing. Without any such positive declaration on his part, as much might have been justly inferred from the

strict rule of his order, and the poverty it enjoined. Startling, then, as it may seem, the conclusion is inevitable that these three works, the *Opus Majus*, the *Opus Minus*, and the *Opus Tertium*, were all composed, and clearly written out for the pope, within fifteen or eighteen months after the first arrival of the papal mandate. Such a feat is unparalleled in the annals of literature."

Our remaining space will be devoted to an examination of some few of the passages of historical or literary interest that we find so thickly sown throughout the volume. Thus, for example, when speaking of the utility of applied science, and the reluctance of men to pursue such investigations, because, while so pursuing them, they do not clearly see their utility, he incidentally enlightens us as to the estimation in which that stumbling-block of students, the *Pons Asinorum*, was held by the learners of the thirteenth century, and enlarges upon the singularly hybrid name by which in those days it seems to have been known:—

"For the utility of science," he says (p. 20), "it is not handed over [to the learner] along with it, but must be looked for without; just as the usefulness of a house is not apparent in itself [abstractedly], nor yet in the parts of which it is composed, but only when tempests come, and thieves and other like inconveniences fall thick upon us. Just in the same way then that a person, though ignorant of the uses of a house, upon trying to build one and put its component parts together, will soon be sick and tired, and will give up the work, as well on account of its tediousness and expensiveness, as because he comes to the conclusion that if he can look for no useful results it is a mere loss of time; so it is that those who are ignorant of the utility of any particular science, geometry for example,—unless indeed they are boys who are driven to it with the ferula,—fly away from the study forthwith, become lukewarm, and will hardly make acquaintance with some three or four propositions. From this circumstance it is that the Fifth Proposition of Euclid's Geometry is known as *Elefuga*, that is, 'the flight of the wretched;' *elegia* in Greek being the same as *miseria* in Latin; and *elegi* being the 'wretched.'"

His reasoning, in this instance, is decidedly superior to his etymology.

In the following extract (p. 40) we have a summary of Bacon's opinions upon the then favorite pursuit of operative alchemy. He had not come near to a perception, it is quite evident, of the point at which man's intellectual powers find their master:—

"There is, in addition to the speculative, an operative and practical alchemy, which teaches man how to make the noble metals, and colors, and many other things, better and in greater abundance by artificial means than by the operations of nature. And this kind of science is more important than all those before mentioned, because it is productive of greater advantages.

For not only may it provide money and an infinity of other things for a state, but it also teaches the means of discovering things that are able to prolong human life to as great an extent as by nature it will allow of being prolonged. For as it is, we die far sooner than we ought, and this for want of a healthy regimen from our youth upwards, as also owing to the fact that our parents, for want of a similar regimen, give us diseased constitutions. Hence it is that old age comes on sooner than it need, and death before the time that God has appointed unto us."

The following passage is rendered additionally interesting by the suggested probability that the poor lad mentioned as the intended exponent of Bacon's writings and opinions before the pope, was no other than John Peckham, the Franciscan friar, celebrated as a mathematician, and ultimately Archbishop of Canterbury. The great objection, however, to this suggestion is, that as Peckham was elevated to the archbishopric in 1278, and died in 1292, the strong probability is that he was an older man at this period (1267) than the individual, twenty or twenty-one years of age, of whom Bacon speaks. Had Peckham, too, been thus indebted to Bacon, we surely should have heard of him coming to his former patron's rescue, amid the troubles that beset him in his later years. Indeed, for our own part, we are strongly inclined to believe, with Dr. Jebb, that the "Magister Joh. London," spoken of in Chapter xi. of the *Opus Tertium* as one of the only two perfect mathematicians of the age, was altogether a different person from the "puer Johannes," mentioned in chapters xix. and xxii. as Bacon's envoy to the pope. The youth, at the very utmost, would be only entitled, as a graduate, to the appellation of *Dominus*, whereas that of *Magister* was applied to persons of more mature age and, as graduates of the universities, of higher rank. The *Magister* probably was no other than John Peckham; and as to the learned youth, all that we can surmise of him is probably expressed in the words of Antony Wood (*Life of Bacon*, p. xc. of the present volume):—

"I may here state in reference to John of London, who was sent on these occasions to Pope Clement, that both for Bacon's sake and his own merits he was advanced to some dignity, though of what nature I cannot determine. Some affirm that he lived many years after this, and was eminent for his writings; but as these were produced in a foreign country, no notice of their contents has reached us. In all probability they have been lost in Italy."

"As for a long time," the philosopher says (p. 60 of Mr. Brewer's volume), when introducing his youthful envoy to the notice of his holiness,—

"Your wisdom has been fully occupied with ecclesiastical matters and the varied cares attendant upon public affairs, and the possession of the apostolic see does not allow a man to devote his time to much study; seeing, too, that the matters on which I write are beyond the mental perception of most persons, my anxiety to find a fitting interpreter, whom to present to your reverence, has been even greater than in reference to the matters upon which I have written; from a fear lest some impediment should thereby be presented to your wishes, and my labor consequently be expended in vain. And although another person might have been more successful in putting together what I have written, still, every one can best appreciate his own meaning, and consequently no one could properly understand what I have so written unless I had fully disclosed to him the bent of my thoughts. And for this reason I have fixed upon a young man whom for five or six years past* I have caused to be instructed in the languages, in mathematics, and in optics, in which subjects is centred the whole difficulty in reference to the matters which I now send you. And further, with my own lips I have gratuitously instructed him since I first received your mandate, from a presentiment that I could not possibly find another, on the present emergency, after my own heart. And I came to the determination so to send him, in order that, if it should please your wisdom to have recourse to an interpreter, you might find one ready at hand; and if not, that still he might approach you for the purpose of presenting unto your sublimity these writings. For beyond a doubt there is no one among the Latins, who, as to all the matters on which I write, can answer so many questions on the method which I pursue,—no, not even the great master, or any one of those whom I have already alluded to, seeing that they know nothing about my method,—for, as I myself have been his instructor, he has received his learning from my own lips, and has been prepared for the task by my own counsels. And God is my witness, that had it not been for the reverence I owe you, and a due sense of your advantage, I would not have mentioned him. For had it been for my own advantage that I had sent him, I could easily have found others more suited for promoting my interests; if, again, for the advantage of the envoy himself, there are others whom I love still more, and to whom I am bound by closer ties, seeing that I am under no obligations to him, either from the rights of kindred or in any other respect, any more than I am to an ordinary person; indeed, even less so. For when he came to me as a poor boy, I caused him to be brought up and educated for the love of God, the more especially as, both for studiousness and good conduct, I never met with so likely a youth. And such is the progress he has made, that it is in his power to earn what is necessary for his subsistence, at once more successfully and more truthfully than any one now at Paris; and this, too, though he is no more than twenty or twenty-one years of age, at the most.

* *A quinque vel sex annis* may possibly mean "from his fifth or sixth year."

For there is no one now remaining at Paris, who knows so much of the roots of philosophy, although as yet he has not put forth the branches, flowers, and fruits thereof, in consequence of his youthfulness, and because he has had no experience in teaching. But he has the means of surpassing all the Latins, should he live to old age and proceed in accordance with the foundations which he has laid."

He then enlarges, at considerable length, upon the unspotted character of the youth, his becoming manners, his discreteness, and his truthfulness, and concludes by remarking, apparently as his culminating merit, that at befitting times and occasions it is his practice to wear hair-cloth next his skin.

In chapter xxvi., Bacon treats at considerable length of the "miraculous power and influence of words;" and as we here discover something closely resembling the germs of Animal Magnetism, we recommend it to the curious reader's especial notice. The human voice he would seem to look upon as the vehicle, combined with the atmosphere, for the conveyance of the magnetic current:—

"Words spoken," he says, (p. 96,) "have the greatest power; and nearly all the miracles that have been wrought since the beginning of the world have been wrought through the agency of words. Indeed, the principal operation of the rational spirit is language [*verbum*], and in that more particularly it delights. And hence it is that when words are uttered in combination with profound thought, intense desire, an undeviating intention, and strong confidence, they are possessed of great virtue. For when these four qualifications are combined, the substance [*substantia*] of the rational spirit is more strongly impelled to imprint its own form* and virtues, apart from itself, both upon the body which it animates and things beyond, as also upon what is wrought by the agency of that body, and especially upon the words which are formed within it; and hence it is that these are the most susceptible of the virtues so imparted by the spirit. . . . And according as the soul is that of a holy person or a sinful one, the nature of its own form and of the voice emitted varies; so, too, according as the spirit is benevolent or malevolent; and in this way, the virtue of the soul, be it good or bad, multiplied by the earnestness of the intention, is strongly impressed upon, and incorporated with, the voice, and with the air as it conveys the voice. And the air, receiving this configuration from the voice, and having the strong impress upon it of the rational soul, may be subjected to an alteration by its agency, and may also so alter things surrounded by it, as to produce upon them various effects and various passions. . . . For as, by the essence of things, an individual being is composed of body and soul united, in accordance with the laws of nature the body obeys the

* *Speciem*: there is probably a recondite meaning in the word "*species*" as used by Bacon, in this sense, which can hardly find a corresponding term in our language; possibly "reproduction" is the nearest word.

thoughts of the soul, and so makes stronger the form [or virtue] of it, which is again received upon the air at the moment that the air receives its peculiar conformation by the agency of the voice."

He then proceeds to show that these influences may be heightened by stellar agency; enters into the rationale of charms and fascination; touches upon demoniacal agency or positive magic; and refers his readers to the *Opus Minus* for further particulars in reference to these "secret operations of nature."

The following passage (p. 116), descriptive of a speculum (or burning-glass) of very considerable size that, after great pains, had recently been made, is curious, and reminds us of similar attempts in our own day, at first ineffectual, but eventually crowned with success:—

"A speculum," he says, "has lately been made, to act as a sample and proof of this miraculous operation of nature, so that the possibility of such a marvel may be witnessed. But it was only at the cost of great labor and expense that it was made; for the maker was a loser thereby of one hundred livres Parisian, and labored at it for many years, giving up for it his ordinary pursuits and other necessary occupations. Still, however, for a thousand marks he would not have given up the undertaking, induced as well by a perception of that most desirable power which wisdom confers, as by the consideration that in future he would be able to make still better ones, and at a smaller expense; for by experience he learned many things that hitherto he had not known. Nor is it to be wondered at that he should devote so much money and labor upon this first piece of workmanship, seeing that no one among the Latins knew even how to make a beginning before him; but it really is surprising how he himself could have dared to commence an undertaking of so arduous a nature, and one to which he was so wholly a stranger. However, he is a man replete with wisdom, and nothing is a matter of difficulty to him, except when he is stopped for want of money. Most assuredly, if the people of Acre and the Christians beyond sea had twelve such specula as this, they would be able to expel the Saracens from their territories without bloodshed; nor would it require the king of France to pass over with an army for the purpose of gaining possession of those lands. And when he does set out, it would be better for him to have with him the man of skill already mentioned, and a couple of others, than the greater part of his army, not to say, the whole of it."

It was at this moment, the reader must bear in mind, that Louis IX. of France was preparing for a fresh crusade, and Bacon's suggestion to the pope as to avoiding bloodshed, evidently by the expedient of roasting the Saracens, is, to say the least, amusing. He then proceeds to say that Alexander the Great had received great assistance in this

way from the counsels of Aristotle, but makes no allusion to the destruction by Archimedes, through a similar agency, of the Roman fleet; an additional proof, were any wanting, that the story is entirely apocryphal; an invention, in fact, of Tzetzes, and Zonaras, Byzantine writers of the twelfth century, whose works had not by that time, in all probability, made their way into the western world.

The importance of music, combined with a disquisition upon the several features of harmony, is entered into at considerable length. The following remarks (p. 297) are made in reference to the abuses in ecclesiastical singing in his day:—

“But in these days there have gradually grown up certain abuses in the Church as to singing; for, departing from its ancient gravity and seriousness, it has fallen into an unseemly effeminacy, and has lost its becoming and natural earnestness; a thing that its refinements in new-fangled harmonies, its restless hunting after fresh sequences, and the silly delight that it manifests in multiplied ballad-tunes, abundantly proves. And above all things, those voices in falsetto, falsifying a manly and a holy harmony, poured forth in boyish notes, and dissolving in feminine quavers, prove the almost universal prevalence of these practices throughout the Church. I could cite examples in point as to the greatest of our cathedral establishments, and other collegiate foundations of note as well; in which the whole service is reduced to a state of confusion by reason of the faulty proceedings which I have remarked upon.”

The *Opus Minus*, though as a composition prior in date to the *Opus Tertium*, succeeds it in Mr. Brewer's volume; and, unfortunately, he is too well justified in giving it this secondary rank, as it is nothing more than a fragment of the original work, existing in a single manuscript (Bodl., Digby, 218), and evidently in a most corrupt state throughout; occasionally, indeed, it quite defies translation. Dr. Hody, in his work *De Bibliorum Textibus*, 1705, has printed an extract from it, evidently unaware to what portion of Bacon's writings the original belonged; Dr. Jebb, again, seems to have entirely overlooked its existence; and to Mr. Brewer is wholly due the credit, at the cost of ably directed and minute research (see Preface, pp. xxx.—xxxviii.), of identifying this fragment as the sole existing representative of the *Opus Minus*, the second great work of Roger Bacon. A pretty full description of it, in its entirety probably, is given in the *Opus Tertium*, for a summary of which, however, our limits compel us to refer the reader to the above-mentioned pages of Mr. Brewer's preface. From some remarks of his in the *Opus Tertium*, Bacon would seem to

have treated in the *Opus Minus* at considerable length of what we may term “the philosophy of Magic;” little information, however, on that subject is given in the fragment here printed, and not improbably a very considerable portion of the original work is irrecoverably lost; a thing not to be wondered at if, as is generally supposed, for some time after his death, the persecution commenced against the so-called sorcerer was vigorously continued against his literary productions.

Of the *Compendium Studii Philosophiæ*, the third treatise in the present volume, but a single manuscript exists, Tiberius C. v., in the Cottonian collection. Being a composition of a later period, it is not, like the former works, addressed to Pope Clement; and regarded in an historical and miscellaneous point of view, it is probably the most interesting portion of the volume. The following (pp. 398, 9) is a striking picture of the state of things in the western world, A.D. 1270; as it evidently was penned during the vacancy that followed the death of Pope Clement IV., and after Charles of Anjou had defeated Manfred, son of the Emperor Frederick II., at the battle of Benevento:—

“If we look at all conditions throughout the world, and carefully consider them, we shall find infinite corruption in every quarter; a thing that first makes its appearance at the very summit. The court of Rome, which both is wont, and in duty ought to be, ruled by the wisdom of God, is now depraved by the constitutions of lay emperors, based upon the civil law, and made for the rule of their own lay subjects. The holy see, too, is torn to pieces by the frauds and guiles of the wicked. Justice is perishing, all peace is violated, scandals without end are given birth to. Morals, too, most corrupt, are the consequences; pride reigns there supreme, avarice is a devouring flame, envy cankers every one, sensuality casts disrepute upon the whole court, gluttony usurps the dominion over all. Nor is even this enough; for the vicar of God must be denied us through the negligence of his Church, and the world be left desolate for want of its ruler; a thing that has been the case now for many years past,* the see being kept vacant through the envy, hatred, and thirst for promotion to which that court is so subservient; and in obedience to which, each individual is ever struggling to thrust forward himself and his, as all know full well who choose to be acquainted with the truth. If, then, all this is done in the head, how will it be with the limbs? Look at the prelates, how eager they are for money, how they neglect the cure of souls, how they promote their nephews and other friends in the flesh, as well as crafty logists, who by their counsels bring every thing to

* This is rather a bold expression; two years was the duration of the vacancy.

ruin; while as to the students in philosophy and divinity, they despise the two orders, and throw every impediment in their way, so as to prevent those living in freedom and acting for the salvation of souls, who gratuitously exert themselves for the sake of the Lord. Consider, again, the religious; I exclude no one of the orders. See how they have fallen, each of them, from their normal state, and how shockingly the new orders have already receded from their former dignified position. The whole of the clergy is carried away by pride, sensuality, and avarice; and wherever clerks are collected together in large bodies, as at Paris and Oxford for example, through their broils, tumults, and other vices, they become a scandal among all the laity. Princes, again, barons, and knights, oppress and despoil one another, and quite distract the people subject to them with the wars and endless exactions, by means whereof they strive to seize the property of others; dukedoms even, and kingdoms, as we see the case in these days. For by a gross violation of justice, the king of France has deprived the king of England of those extensive territories of his, as everybody knows. Charles, too, of late has subdued the heir of Frederic with a high hand. No one cares what he does, or how he does it, whether right or wrong, so long as he attains the object of his desires; and yet these very persons are the slaves of gluttony, sensuality, and the other evil tendencies of the sinful. The public, worked at length to irritation by its rulers, detests them, and accordingly, keeps no faith with them, where it can possibly avoid it. Individuals, thus corrupted by the bad example of their superiors, oppress one another, and circumvent by fraud and deception, as may be seen on every side, before our very eyes; in addition to which, they are wholly given up to sensuality and gluttony, to an extent beyond description. As to dealers and artificers, there is no question but that in all their sayings and doings, fraud, guile, and falsehood, beyond measure, reign supreme."

We would fain have found room for some notice of Bacon's lengthy and amusing discussion on the absurdities and frivolities of mediæval etymology, but with the following curious passage (p. 416) on the results of the communication of the mysteries of knowledge to the vulgar, we must bring our extracts to a close. The writer evidently was of opinion that learning, imparted in a cer-

tain direction, whether little or much, "is a dangerous thing." Time will soon show, as we are now on the high-road to experience:—

"But the tastes [*sensus*] of the vulgar are the worst of all. For always, from the very beginning of the world, the vulgar has been severed in taste from holy men, philosophers, and the rest of the wise. And, indeed, all wise men have despised the ways of the vulgar, and have forborne to communicate the mysteries of wisdom to the common people; seeing that the vulgar cannot receive the same, but deride them, and would misuse them to the loss and ruin both of themselves and of the wise. For that the pearls of wisdom must not be thrown before swine, the gospel bears witness; and it were a foolish thing to offer lettuces to an ass when thistles would suffice, as set forth in this sense by A. Gellius in his book of the *Noctes Atticæ*. For he who makes public what is a mystery, detracts from its majesty. . . . And hence it is that Aristotle says, that he would be a breaker of the seal of heaven, were he to publish the secrets of wisdom; as set forth in his 'Book of Secrets.'"

We regret that, in all probability, by merely presenting them with these disjointed extracts, we shall have been unable to impart to our readers a tithe of the interest that we ourselves have experienced in turning over these pages. To estimate it at all at its proper value, and to view its contents with the interest that is so peculiarly their own, the volume itself must be consulted, and the philosopher followed in his arguments,—quaint and erratic though they may occasionally be. In reference to the form in which it is placed before the public, we will only add that, in our opinion, from the Alpha to the Omega of the volume, Mr. Brewer has contended very successfully against no trifling difficulties, those in particular of almost illegible writing, mutilated manuscripts, corrupt texts, and involved arguments; and that we feel ourselves justified in repeating our conviction, that he has performed the onerous duties with which he has been entrusted, carefully, conscientiously, and well,—words which we do not intend to be construed as synonymes.

JOHN WESLEY said, "By repeated experiments we learn that though a man preach like an angel, he will neither collect nor preserve a society which is collected, without visiting them from house to house."

THE PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT has relieved Jewish students at the University of Königsberg from taking the oath upon the Holy Scriptures, which has hitherto prevented them from obtaining their diplomas.

From The Englishwoman's Journal.

AMALIE SIEVEKING.

AMALIE WILHELMINE SIEVEKING was born in Hamburg, July 25th, 1794. Her family, long one of the leading families of that town, came originally from Westphalia, and she always loved to tell that one of her ancestors had been a schoolmaster, and that thus an aptitude to teach lay in her blood. Her father was a merchant, and afterwards a senator of the city, and appears to have possessed more literary culture than was common at that time among men in his position; but her mother, an amiable, well-educated woman, died when she was only five years old, without having left any particular impression on the mind of the little girl, who was then apparently any thing but an attractive child; so little so, indeed, that even this kind mother confessed to a friend that she could not help loving her gentle, youngest boy Gustav more than her fretful, little, only daughter. This friend made excuses for Amalie, or Malchen (as she is familiarly termed throughout her memoirs), on the ground of ill-health, and indeed a complaint in the bones of the child's hands soon after showed itself, the traces of which never entirely disappeared.

After her mother's death, a niece of her father, named H., undertook the direction of the household and the care of the children, and fulfilled her duty faithfully to the extent of her ability; but being only a girl of nineteen, she had neither the skill nor the experience requisite rightly to bring up the orphan family, and especially the little girl, and the want of *motherly* care and culture made itself apparent throughout Amalie's childhood, even more than she was herself conscious of, though in after life she would often express her inability even to understand the poetical laments of those who look back on the days of their childhood as on a passed-away paradise. Her chief companion was her younger brother Gustav, whose mild, quiet nature kept her own more violent disposition under some wholesome restraint, though her active, hot-tempered, eldest brother, Edward, appears on the whole to have exercised most influence on the formation of his sister's character. The children were often left to themselves all the day long in their father's country house beyond the city gates, when their favorite sport would be to play at being poor children who had to work to maintain their parents. When old enough to be instructed, the little Malchen was put through a rather dry course of lessons in reading and writing, French, drawing, and music; though the latter had soon to be abandoned, owing to her total deficiency of talent for it. Her father then gave her

the choice between two learned divines, well recommended, but equally unknown to them personally, one of whom was to be selected to instruct her in the higher branches of knowledge. To decide the question she cast lots, and to the teacher thus chosen was committed the care of her education, which however he conducted in so repulsive a manner as very soon to alienate the love and respect she had been prepared to bestow on him, and make both his lessons and himself almost unbearable. In her religious instruction especially, the Bible with all its interesting histories was never introduced, but in its place merely a book of dry, detached texts. One good, however, resulted from these harsh lessons, and that was, that the consciousness of how easy it would be to make them different, impelled the young pupil early to begin teaching others, and to devise methods that should be more attractive and effectual. She soon tried her hand too at composition, wrote romantic dramas and robber stories, and even began a dream-book; for though the young governess H. put no obstacle in the way of the children if they chose to engage in such pursuits, yet she was not capable of directing their tastes, and thus their reading and their writing were often of a kind which a more experienced instructress would scarcely have approved. Nor could she supply the tender attentions of a mother, and this want was keenly felt by little Amalie, who was often found in tears without any apparent cause, and, when once pressed to explain their source, replied, "I feel so sad because no one loves me and calls me 'dear Malchen.'" She certainly did not at this time display qualities very likely to attract, for so little development of a benevolent disposition was then visible, that instead of manifesting any sympathy for the patiently borne but great sufferings of a younger brother, who died after a lingering illness when she was eleven years old, she only felt annoyed at their causing any interruption to her own pleasures.

In 1809 she lost her father, and as he left no property, a council of relatives was held to decide on the children's future, the result of which was that Amalie and her cousin H. were sent to live with an old lady of great piety but little information, with whom resided also a little niece ten years of age, who called forth the first exercise of Amalie's pedagogical talent, and so successfully, that the over-indulged, self-willed little girl soon bowed to her young teacher's authority, and paid her all obedience. With her elder brother, who had entered a counting-house in London, she kept up a lively correspondence, but of social intercourse she enjoyed very little, and passed her time therefore in

reading and in working embroidery for her support; an employment which her relatives considered to be the one most befitting her station, but which was far from agreeable to herself, not exactly from feeling it to be a humiliation, but because, as she expressed it, "it seemed so terrible to spend the whole day and effect nothing more than the decoration of a cushion, which, after all, would afford no sounder sleep than if it had remained undecorated." Her longing was to give her powers to something which should be of real worth and utility, foredating thus the great yearning which has become so general among her sex in the present day, but which was then so rarely felt. Not that her motives at this time were free from an admixture of vanity and worldly ambition, feelings which came specially into play in regard to the proficiency of most other young ladies in music; thus many tears were called forth by her inability to compete with them in this accomplishment, so that her brother G., who was a gifted musician, undertook to give her lessons on the piano, but so utterly was she deficient in musical talent that all her efforts in this direction proved quite fruitless.

In the course of the next two years a wealthy cousin of her mother, the Widow Brunneman, proposed that Amalie should reside with her, to assist her in the charge of her only remaining unmarried son, a young man of twenty, who had been afflicted from childhood with a complaint which required constant care and attendance. She was, however, very reluctant to play the part of a "companion," and though she finally agreed to take the situation, she wrote to her brother that she would much have preferred to fit herself to become a governess, and that she was resolved, as soon as the invalid should either recover or die, to leave Madame B. The latter was an excellent, kind-hearted woman, but rather stiff and formal, and in whose house every thing went by rule; and here, in reading to and amusing the sick son, and helping the mother in various matters, Amalie's life went quietly on until the death of the invalid, by which time, however, she had become so attached to her relative, that she found it impossible to keep her former resolution and leave her in her sorrow. About the same time a great-aunt died, leaving her a legacy, from which, added to what she afterwards inherited from Madame B., and to the small pension she enjoyed as a senator's daughter, she derived an income quite sufficient for the supply of her simple wants.

During the year 1812, when the French rule was so oppressive in Hamburg, Madame B., though continuing to live in her usual style, found it necessary to economize as

much as possible, and Amalie, in considering what she could do to assist her in this respect, took the resolution that she would become her own laundress. It was no small proof of the conscientiousness as well as of the energy of the young girl, that she actually carried out this seemingly unpractical idea, and throughout an entire summer secretly washed all her own clothing, desiring also to learn thereby how to do so, a motive which gained for her Madame B.'s approval, when she at last discovered the fact. By the wish of the latter she also busied herself in cookery, but did not display much talent for it, nor yet for millinery, though she did succeed in learning dressmaking. She took dancing lessons, too, and on the whole passed her time much like other young ladies of her class, never forgetting, however, to cultivate her moral nature and strive after an ideal "virtue." The faults she found in herself at this time contrast singularly with her future life, for she writes, concerning a youthful friend, "M. K. is a good girl, but I do not miss her much when she is away, and to tell the truth this is the case with most of my acquaintances, and I fear that the cause is that my sympathy with others is by no means so lively as it ought to be." And yet more surprising is the confession which appeared in her last published book, "The faults of my temperament were indolence and apathy: when I was a young girl, and even after my confirmation, I would pass not only whole hours but even sometimes half-days, lying dreamily upon my bed, not that I was unwell or even tired, but merely because I did not care to do any thing. I was certainly ashamed afterwards of wasting my time so disgracefully, but I felt the want of some strong incentive to regular activity, and looked round for some occupation that might satisfy my mind and my heart, and when God directed me to the teaching of the young, I found therein the best weapon wherewith to overcome my natural inertness." Yet even then the desire to be useful never slumbered in her heart, and she would often take their lodger's little daughter, a child six years old, into her own room to teach her knitting, and when after a time the governess went away, she begged to be allowed to give lessons to the second daughter also. On beginning her task she soon found that she could succeed better with a greater number of children, and as no one opposed her wish, she selected six out of the families of her friends, and thus in her nineteenth year commenced her first little school. The religious part of the instruction was what caused her most difficulty, her faith on some points being still unsettled, but as the time for her scholars' confirmation approached, she ex-

plained to them what were the orthodox doctrines of the Lutheran Church, frankly adding that she did not herself believe in them but felt too unfixed in her opinions to determine for others. We must, however, take this opportunity of observing that she afterwards became a firm believer, and remained to the day of her death, an evangelical Christian and member of the Lutheran communion.

The following year was one of great excitement, owing to the continued conflict with the French and the entry of the Russians into Hamburg, and all the patriotic young ladies were now engaged in making shirts or knitting socks for the volunteers, Amalie, too, taking part in the work, "rather than I wish to take the opportunity of learning to make a shirt," observed the sagacious girl, "than that I think it a very serviceable work, when there are so many poor seamstresses who would be glad to earn a trifle by doing it."

After a time, when ordinary tranquillity was restored, the family life went on as usual, and her scholars continued to visit her for three or four hours several times a week, while she again began taking lessons in dancing, in order, she said, that she might not seem an oddity among joyous, dance-loving young people. What was still her greatest trouble was a natural tendency to melancholy; so successfully, however, did she combat this, that later in life no amount of pain or sorrow could impair her cheerful serenity. Her favorite motto was the text "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say unto you rejoice;" and when one of her pupils once remarked that her life had been a thorny one, she replied that "It was a mistake to say this, for the roses had so outnumbered the thorns that she had often felt sad at the words 'through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God;'" adding, "that if she were to write her own biography she should entitle it 'Memoirs of a Happy Old Maid' in order to let people know that happiness could be found out of the El Dorado of marriage."

This happy frame of mind was, however, not yet reached, but she had at least begun to see her way to it, and in a letter to her brother remarks, "The only true life is working in love, and they live the most who do the most and do it with the greatest cheerfulness."

In 1816 Madame B.'s childless daughter adopted a little girl, and wished much that Amalie should undertake its education, but as it was much younger than her other scholars, she found herself under the necessity of seeking out six other children of similar age, and opening an additional class.

Not without fear and trembling did she do this, for she had begun to doubt how far such an extension of her teaching work was consistent with what, as a woman, she was destined for. After suffering much distress of mind on the subject, she resolved once for all to consider the question in all its bearings, and then abide by what she should determine to be her duty. She thus described the conflict, "I asked myself three questions: Whether I could maintain my feminine character while thus extending my undertaking? What did I owe to my aunt? And what to the parents of the children intrusted to me? And thus I answered myself: the education of children (for I should not content myself with mere *lesson-giving*) must belong specially to woman's business; but then it is only a part of it, and do I not give more time than I ought to this part? I certainly do but little in household matters, but then housekeeping as it is carried on in most Hamburg houses hardly deserves the name, for it consists in little more than giving out and writing down. Other departments of woman's work I feel myself to be deficient in, but then I know at least something of all of them; I always find time to keep my own dress in order, and it is only in embroidery and fancy work that I entirely fail. But then it is not in doing only, but in one's whole being that the softness of womanhood should display itself, and can my chosen employment, though it necessitates my occupying myself with scientific matters, do me any injury in this respect? I feel that I must be on my guard, and pray that I may be so; but love, love is the great means that can spread the magic of womanhood over my whole existence, I will love every one more warmly and deeply than heretofore, and for my love's sake they will forgive me if they think, as many may, that I have trespassed beyond my sphere. That I shall be accused of a smattering of learning (for by this term a woman's knowledge is usually ridiculed) I scarcely think, and if my aunt should ever need more of my care herself, of course, I must then give less to my classes, but at present she reckons the time I spend on these children, and especially on her little grandchild, as if it were devoted to herself. So far then it is clear to what God has called me, and I need only pray that I may fulfil the calling aright." A little later, she wrote in her journal "I must take care that in the ardor of my occupation I never forget the lovingness with which it should be carried on. Love is more necessary to children than knowledge." About this time, too, a free school for twelve poor children was founded by a circle of ladies to which Malchen belonged, and in which they gave

lessons in turn. She took great interest in this school, but experienced some disappointments also. "I know not what suitable punishments to devise," she wrote; "alas! I thought once they would never be necessary." There were other claims on her time, for her cousin H. had established a little trade in Dutch wares, which were always selected and sent to her by Amalie, who also often lent her moneyed assistance. In the point of money, indeed, there could not be a more generous nature; her purse was always at the command of her friends, her lessons always given gratuitously, and even the presents forced on her by the grateful parents of her pupils, if they were things of value, were ever unwillingly accepted. This was no false pride though, for when rich friends offered her any thing which she really needed, she would take as frankly as she gave; but the only gifts which really caused her joy, were those which were given her for others, or her poor, and when gratitude took this form it was indeed grateful to her.

During the next year there was some prospect of her betrothal, and she wrote to H. upon this subject. "Yet do not be sorry should your hopes not be fulfilled. Should I attain the usual desire of our sex, I should thank God for the joy and know how to prize it; but if not, a single life need not be joyless, and in this case I have already a plan in my head which promises much enjoyment. Would it not be well that every young girl should prepare herself in time for such an alternative? At least, I cannot bear that a girl should think of no other salvation for herself than the earliest possible marriage." The hope was not fulfilled; it does not appear why, but she probably suffered less than is usual under such circumstances, as she kept her feelings too much under control for them to have become passions. Once, too, in later life, she received a proposal from a very worthy man, but declined it on this occasion because he did not possess that superiority which she judged to be essential to a happy marriage. In 1817, the loss of her beloved brother Gustav caused her the deepest sorrow, and to divert her grief she indulged in a visit of a few weeks to her brother in England, having hitherto declined his most pressing invitations, from unwillingness to leave her classes. The sickness, too, of various members of the family took her occasionally from her self-imposed teaching duties, and she gave them up entirely for a time during the serious illness of Madame B., who now proposed that she who had so long been unto her as a daughter, should also give her the name of mother, to which, after some hesitating scruples, she

acceded. But she always returned to her classes with renewed ardor, and found peace and contentment in these obscure labors. "I used to dream," she wrote at this time, "that I should some day do something great in the eyes of the world; but now I know that it is not in my power to attain to the extraordinary, I will try to fulfil with double faithfulness the little, common, daily-returning duties of life." Truly the best possible preparation for what was in store for her, though she was all unconscious to what it was tending! And thus some years passed: she increased the number of her scholars, and devoted herself more entirely to them, though her love of society made this often to be no slight sacrifice; her journal even was discontinued as a needless expenditure of time. But she was also occupying herself with a different kind of composition, and in 1823 appeared her volume of "Reflections on Select Passages of Scripture." It was published anonymously, but its authorship was soon guessed, and the discovery was attended with rather painful results. Her faith in doctrinal matters having now become settled, was plainly expressed in this volume, and, as she said, "the eyes of the parents were first opened to what was considered my mysticism; and if they left their children with me until their confirmation, in the hopes that they would then give up these supposed errors, they were sure to be taken from me at that time, and I never had so little pleasure in any class as in the one I was then conducting. One child wrote to me that she had renounced my errors, and I never heard any more of her, and my dear little C. F. also left me on this account." She also wrote to H. soon after, telling her that she had joined a society for the distribution of tracts to the poor, but begging her not to mention it as this also had given rise to much calumny.

But amid all these strivings and difficulties, one thought was ripening in her mind, which had been nurtured there ever since her eighteenth year. She thus described how the idea grew, "When I first began to reflect on what was the peculiar calling of woman, I found that in most of the books I read marriage was set forth as her only vocation, but it became clearer and clearer to me that a God so rich in goodness, could never have limited his blessings to one condition of life, but that old maids, derided as they were, might enjoy it also. And when I found that they usually passed their lives in a way which could not but incur man's ridicule, the wish grew more and more upon me to bring this estate into honor and esteem. The old maids with whom I was acquainted did little for this end; one of them

spent her whole time in preparing her own little meals, another was always talking yet had never any thing to say, and so on; and though one at least had made some efforts to do good, and had founded a poor school for servant maids, she was but one out of many. At last I happened to read a little French book containing an account of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and then arose the wish to found such a sisterhood in the Protestant Church; and soon after, becoming acquainted with Professor Hartman, in our first conversation he advised me to extend my usefulness, and in particular to found a charitable sisterhood." When the idea was thus once outspoken, it absorbed her thoughts and wishes more than ever, and she became convinced that it was for the fulfilment of this purpose that she had been sent into the world. "How many poor souls," said she, "have in them a germ of divine life, and themselves scarcely conscious of it, know not how to keep it alive and make it grow, so it gets destroyed by the cares of daily life. If such were to leave the magic circle of the world and enter a community, they would learn what they were capable of. We sisters would take the gospel to the hovels of the poor, that they might learn to bear the burden of life cheerfully; awaken heavenly hope by the beds of the sick and dying; and sow the seed of faith in the hearts of children so that it might grow up into a strong tree for the future." Strengthened in her purpose by a new acquaintance, Pastor Gossner, who had formerly been a Catholic priest, she wrote out a rule for the intended sisterhood, consisting of sixty-nine articles, and in 1824 devoted herself by a solemn vow to the fulfilment of the plan. But she waited for some further intimation from Providence as to when she should begin the undertaking, and this was still delayed, while her home duties became more urgent owing to her foster-mother, whose sight had long been failing, having now become totally blind. She found time, however, to publish a second book, on passages from the Revelations, which gave some offence, as this was thought to be too abstruse a subject for a woman to handle. But her cheerfulness was not now to be disturbed by any such censures, for she had learned to go on her way rejoicing through good or ill report, and she had the gratification one day of hearing one of her little pupils remark that she wished she might be like Aunt Malchen, in order that she might be as *blessed* when she grew old. This title of "aunt" was commonly given to her by her scholars, and was very sweet to her.

But the time had now come when Amalie felt herself called on to take a step which in

the eyes of the world appeared very singular. The cholera, that new terror of our times, was sweeping over Europe with desolating swiftness, and as it approached her native city she took a resolution which need not have surprised any who knew her thoroughly, and were aware how earnestly she sought Divine direction in every thing, great or small, and never allowed any considerations to withhold her from doing what she had once become convinced it was her duty to do. Her feelings with regard to this new undertaking are thus set forth in a letter to H.: "For as long as the cholera shall continue to prevail here, and it is now eight days since it broke out, I intend to devote myself to hospital service. My dear mother has given me her blessing upon it, and I have arranged with a dear good girl to fill my place in the classes, though no doubt the school will be but scantily attended on account of the anxiety of the parents at such a time. As with every thing unusual, so no doubt this step will be judged of very variously, and while some will probably make far more of it than there is in reality, many will blame and some ridicule me; but, if I can make all right with my God and my own conscience, such opinions will little affect me. I have not the least fear of infection and enter the hospital as coolly as I used to go into my schoolroom, and the doctors all agree that this fearlessness is the very best preservative against the disease, professional nurses scarcely ever dying of it, so that you see you have no grounds for being anxious about me. I cannot deny that there is a *possibility* that God may call me from the hospital service to his service above, but then would that not be a sure sign that I had lived long enough upon earth, and do you not believe that when he summons me to die he will prepare me for death, and make it the beginning of a better life for me, so that the thought of dying in the hospital has no terror for me." Her first step was to insert in one of the newspapers a call to Christian women to associate with her in a Christian spirit to the nursing of the sick, but her call met with no response, and she thereupon offered her individual services to the governors of the newly built Cholera Hospital, and was summoned thither on the admission of the first female patient on the 13th of October, 1831. She took leave of her most intimate friends and of her beloved foster-mother, who now began almost to repent of the consent she had given, but though poor Amalie naturally felt the parting very much, she could not and dared not draw back, and in the certainty that she had fully gained a higher consent, went coolly and courageously to the work. The letters she wrote during

her eight weeks' stay in the hospital had first to be thoroughly fumigated and then transcribed elsewhere, and were, of course, written amid a hundred interruptions, but when the position of the writer is considered, they afford a beautiful picture of the humility and noble simplicity of her character. From this correspondence we learn that the governors were ready to pay her every attention, but that, except dining with the higher officials, she resolutely declined any indulgences beyond what were permitted to the ordinary nurses, would take neither wine nor tea in the morning lest it should arouse their discontent, and even dispensed with butter when she found that it was not allowed to her companions. She not only took her equal share, day and night, in attending the sick in the female ward, but, at the request of the governors, assumed also the superintendence of the male ward; which involved having to make a round two or three times in the course of each night, in order to see that the male nurses were at their posts, besides the writing out of the diet-table for the whole hospital to hand to the kitchen department, and looking over all that was sent from the laundry. She thus describes her daily work: "In the morning I have first to see that the wards are cleaned, the beds made, and all put in order before the doctors come. Three times a day I have to make the round of patients with the doctors, and as this goes on I must, of course, in the female ward take notice of all the prescriptions, as I am responsible for their being followed, but in the male department I have only to observe what diet is ordered and take account of that for the kitchen. Sometimes I have yet more writing to do, to send notices, for instance, to the relatives of patients who may be brought there without their knowledge; and the care of the linen, too, falls upon me. Should the number of patients increase considerably, I shall busy myself less with the special nursing in the female ward, as the general oversight is of the most importance." Some days she was unable to write at all to her mother, for, as she remarked, "to be superintendent of a hospital all night and have to write letters in the morning does not suit well together. Last night," she continues, "I did not get to bed till four o'clock; I was up again at seven, when coffee was brought me, but I could not find time to drink it until past eleven, and except when I was writing the diet-table, two half-hours at dinner and tea, and another during which I was reading to the sick, I have not been able to sit down for ten minutes together all day, and yet I do not feel very tired; indeed, I am always at my best when there is most to be done." Another

day she wrote, "I had hardly any sleep last night, for many of the patients were very bad indeed, one alone requiring the constant care of four nurses; yet I feel no particular fatigue, I have an excellent appetite, eating far more than at home, and I think what I lose in sleep is thus made up to me."

Nor did her care for the patients cease with their convalescence, but in several instances she was enabled to render them services which were of life-long benefit to them after leaving the hospital. She remarked concerning this, "If those who speak of my undertaking as having been something 'quite superfluous' did but know what opportunities are afforded in such a hospital to do so much more for the sick than merely to attend to their temporary bodily necessities, they would, I think, judge a little differently."

When the plague was stayed, and she began to think of returning home, she was once and again requested by the governors to remain yet a little longer, and having acceded to their wish, she employed the intervals of leisure which now occasionally occurred in seeing the relatives of those who had died in the hospital, and in preparing a report upon the condition in which they were left, in order that the subject might be brought before the finance committee. At length she was released, and returned once more to her longing mother's roof with a joyful and grateful heart, for, as she said, "the last patients were now all fast recovering, and the problem was fully solved." And truly she had solved it, but not quite so easily as from her simple reports might be imagined. Every prejudice had been against her, not only in the outer world, but even in the hospital, and it had needed the greatest prudence, self-denial, and self-control on her part to succeed in overcoming them. Had she been only prompted by enthusiasm or blind zeal, as was thought by many to be the case, she could never have held on her way as she did. With characteristic frankness she said afterwards to her scholars. "Though my chief motive, indeed, was the glory of God, yet I cannot deny that the thought would sometimes intrude of how people would wonder at my self-devotion; but, instead of this, all I heard was, 'She wants to do something singular, to set herself up for a martyr,' and that was salutary for me; for though it was humbling to find myself judged thus, it only made me more firm in my resolution to solve the problem by overcoming every obstacle. I determined to care no more for man's judgment, and never for the future to let it trouble me. They had feared, and even Dr. Siemssen (the head physician) had expressed this ap-

prehesion before I came, that a lady would make but a poor nurse, and thought that I should only treat the patients to texts, and hold sentimental conversations with them; but they soon found that this was not my way, and indeed I had enough to do from morning till night in attending to bodily wants, except when one of the men wished to receive the sacrament, and Dr. S. himself proposed that I should do something to help him in preparing for it, but this was the only instance of the kind." And indeed she had found opportunity for little more than lending a few prayer-books and Bibles to such as expressed a wish for them, and dropping an occasional word of consolation or exhortation when beside the sick-beds.

On the morning of her departure, a deputation of gentlemen from the Special Commission waited on her to present her with a written vote of thanks from the General Sanitary Commission, and many of those who had most blamed her for attempting the undertaking, now that she had successfully carried it out were loud in her praises. "I will not deny," said she, "that the honorable testimony borne me by the medical gentlemen, numbers of whom were frequent visitors at the institution, did me much good, for among them were many who had ridiculed my enterprise, saying that it was all overstrained enthusiasm, and that no good could come of it. I did indeed rejoice at having convinced those gentlemen that neither mysticism nor yet the having meddled with books need necessarily unfit a woman for practical life; and that the care of the sick is another and a better thing when it is undertaken from motives of Christian love, than when it is left to mere common paid nurses."

The separation from her scholars during her stay in the hospital had been the sacrifice which cost her most, and the very morning after her return she re-assembled them around her; but they were now no longer to be her first care, for during her absence she had conceived a new idea, no other than that of forming an association for visiting the sick and poor. During her last Sunday in the hospital she had written out her scheme, which was founded on the idea of a Sisterhood of Mercy, and was very different from what was afterwards actually put in execution. Thus she had required, that if the degree of dirt and disorder in the poor dwellings visited should make it necessary the visitors should themselves lay hand to the work, that they should keep watch by the sick, and so on. This was never carried out, but the groundwork of the design, personal intercourse with the poor, still remained as its principle. The next thing was to find willing associates, and in the search for these

she met with many rebuffs. One was too much occupied with domestic affairs, another feared her family's disapproval, a third was alarmed at the difficulties of the undertaking; but at last a few agreed to make the attempt, and in May, 1832, a first meeting of thirteen members assembled at her foster-mother's house. The number soon increased so much that her home was no longer large enough for their meetings, and the use of the senate-house was then conceded to them.

It required no little prudence and ability to avoid all the perils which threatened the infant association, and to win for the body she had called into being that esteem and confidence which Miss Sieveking had by this time succeeded in gaining for herself personally. Its position with regard to the medical profession was the first difficulty, though the way was smoothed by her having become known to so many of these gentlemen while in the hospital. The officials there were all favorable to her; of the others to whom she applied, the greater number promised her support, but some looked very coldly on her schemes. One refused her all countenance because her plan would interfere with the poor helping each other, but he afterwards relented and became her friend, though once afterwards much offended through one of the lady visitors having offered some of his patients homœopathic medicines, but his wrath was averted by Miss Sieveking taking it all upon herself and promising that such a thing should never occur again. Another took away the books she had left with the sick, and when she asked if he really thought that the reading of them could be injurious, replied that he had not looked at the contents, but he knew that "there never was much good in those blue covers." Him she overcame by making use of the books he himself recommended.

And now assistance of various kinds began to be offered: fifteen ladies who did not wish to become visitors, undertook on certain days to cook for the poor; a butcher promised a weekly donation of meat; bedding and clothing, old and new, were presented; and subscriptions, too, began to pour in; so that though the work had been begun without a penny in hand, by the end of the year no less than thirteen hundred and thirty-three marks (£78) had been collected, a sum which by the next year was swelled to four thousand and forty-four marks, while the number of active members also increased in proportion. That the work had been wisely organized became daily more apparent, and indeed the statutes of the Sieveking Association have been taken as the model for all the many institutions which have since grown out of it, while Amalie's

annual "reports," publications which she was accustomed to spend some weeks of careful labor in preparing, contain all that could possibly be said on the subject of such unions.

Her duties were now very onerous: her mother resided beyond the gates, and at seven, A.M., she would set out for the city with her great basket full of books, there to spend the whole day in alternately visiting the poor and holding her classes. Four days in the week she never sat down to a midday meal, and took no warm food all day, a sacrifice on the part of a German which the English reader can perhaps scarcely fully appreciate. Sometimes she would indulge in a slice of cold meat or a hard-boiled egg, but most frequently would send out one of the children to fetch her a pennyworth of butter-milk, and make this, with a piece of bread, suffice until her return home at six o'clock, when the rest of the evening, till eleven, P.M., was mostly spent in reading aloud to her blind foster-mother. "I used often to say," she observed, "that I did not know what nerves were, or how they could cause people any suffering, but I felt what they were, at this time, very perceptibly." On one occasion her brother sent her a present of a small sum of money, begging that she would spend it in the hire of a vehicle, in order that she might be saved the fatiguing daily walk into and out of the city; but, in a subsequent letter, she wrote, "Of the ten thalers you sent me, I did spend a shilling in the manner you wished, and rode home one day when it was very hot and I was rather tired, but the rest—do not be angry with me—I have laid it out in another way. You see it was just quarter-day, there were debts to be paid for the school, and my purse ran low," etc. It was only by sending her a small amount, with a promise of a larger one as a subscription to her charities on condition that the first should be spent as requested, that he could succeed in inducing her so far to spare herself.

But, with all her self-denial, there was one indulgence which she very wisely determined never to renounce. "As often as possible," she once wrote, "I visit my friends. All other pleasures the world can offer I have given up, but social intercourse with those I love, and some friendly association and interchange of thought with people who, if we do not exactly agree in every thing, yet have a certain consideration for me, is to me an absolute necessity, and I will never willingly resign it." Nor did either she or her cause lose any thing by this determination, for her social amiability was the best recommendation for her piety, and many who would otherwise have been repelled by the serious ear-

nestness of her character, forgave her this when they found that it did not prevent her sympathizing with their pleasures. The doctors were all now won over to her, and there was but one opinion among them as to the usefulness of the association, and similar organizations began to be formed in neighboring cities, which established fresh claims on her time, as those concerned were naturally anxious to consult with the originator of the first. A clergyman in Bremen pressed for a personal visit, and as it was possible to reach there by travelling at night, so that no great expenditure of time was involved, she consented, and further agreed, at the earnest wish of a few ladies, to come before a meeting of them, and give some account of the rise and history of the Hamburg Association. To her astonishment, nearly three hundred assembled, and the meeting had to adjourn to larger premises, where Miss Sieveking delivered a long and interesting discourse with uninterrupted fluency. At its close, she was asked for her manuscript, with permission to print it, when to the great surprise of her hearers, it proved that all the manuscript she had was a small scrap of paper, on which were noted down the chief heads of the discourse. The effect of this lecture was most gratifying: one lady brought her her ornaments, begging her to dispose of them in Hamburg for the benefit of the association there, while all the members of the one which had been commenced at Bremen, but hitherto been carried on in a very languid spirit, declared that they felt as if electrified, and henceforth went on with their work in trusting cheerfulness. All this was of course so much the more pleasure for Miss Sieveking. "In a certain sense," said she, "I was never young, and now that I have got into my proper element I always feel so strong and fresh, that it almost seems to me as though I should never grow old. I remember, on the last Christmas-day at my father's house being quite vexed because I could not feel so much pleasure in my presents as in former years; but now, though my joy may not be quite so loud, it is quite as great as that of any little child over its Christmas tree. Oh! it is indeed a blessing when one's daily work is a daily joy."

She was often asked whether the sight of so much wretchedness as she came in contact with did not affect her painfully; but she would reply, that her strong physical constitution prevented her being impressed by it as a nervous person might have been, while the firmness and liberality of her faith precluded its having any ill effect upon her spiritually. She could weep with those who wept, but never let a murmuring "Why" rise to heaven on their account; and, what-

ever the ingratitude or unworthiness of men, found consolation and sustainment in the belief that there was still a spark of the divine in them, which, though it might not be even until far in eternity, would yet, sooner or later, at last rise into a sacred flame. When in the hospital, where there were some revolting cases, she had said, "I do not know that I could devote myself to the service of such debased sinners, were it not for the firm persuasion that even their degraded souls will yet assuredly one day be purified, and join me before the throne of God."

But, much as she had succeeded in effecting, and great as was her enjoyment of the success, the old wish still reigned supreme, and even the association could not be to her a substitute for her darling scheme of a Sisterhood. While still longing for this, she received in 1837 a letter from Pastor Flidner, of Kaiserswerth, informing her of the recent establishment of an Evangelical Female Order there, and inviting her to take the direction of it. A few years before she would have obeyed such summons with delight, but now she hesitated to abandon the work she had begun in Hamburg, and, after a long conflict, decided that she ought to reserve herself for her native city, where she still hoped that she might one day be able to carry out the plan on which her heart was set. Once afterwards, in 1843, Flidner again applied to her, and even came himself to persuade her to accept the superintendence of an institution in Berlin, but she resolutely declined, and finding by that time that her wish was so far fulfilled as that sisterhoods were firmly established in connection with the Protestant Church, she finally resigned all thoughts of becoming herself the founder of one.

Not confining her attention to the necessities of the lower classes alone, she now laid the foundation of a seminary, where young ladies were to be trained to become governesses, to which she induced many well-skilled instructors to lend their aid gratuitously for the good of the cause. In 1838, she was introduced to the Crown Princess of Denmark, then visiting Hamburg, and, each finding in the other a congenial spirit, in spite of the difference of station a warm friendship sprang up, maintained afterwards by a regular correspondence, and by several visits of some weeks' duration paid by Miss Sieveking to the royal lady after she had become queen. But the year closed in sorrow, for it took from her at last her beloved foster-mother, with whom she had lived for twenty-eight years, and the survivor had now to bear that melancholy feeling of knowing that henceforth there was no one to mark her going forth or watch for her return. A visit to

London, where she became acquainted with Mrs. Fry, refreshed her, and on her return she assisted in establishing a hospital for children, and also some improved dwellings for the poor; after which she began what was then quite a novelty, but which she was afterwards accustomed to call the gem of all her undertakings, and had indeed good cause to rejoice over. This was an association for the care of discharged prisoners, with which was afterwards united a regular system of visitation of female prisoners.

As might be supposed, the terrible conflagration which laid waste so large a portion of Hamburg in 1842, called forth all Miss Sieveking's energies. In a letter to her royal friend at Copenhagen, she gives a very vivid description of the calamity, as well as an account of her own efforts, under the direction of a committee of gentlemen, not only to alleviate the vast amount of suffering it had caused, but also to guard as much as possible against the demoralizing influence to which the poor were exposed, by being necessarily for a time entirely dependent on eleemosynary aid. When the excitement had a little subsided, she resumed her ordinary occupations, and as, since her foster-mother's death, she had no domestic claims upon her time, she devoted herself entirely to her charitable labors. Rising at half-past four, she would look over her pupils' exercises, etc., till it was time to go to her morning audience for the poor, from seven till eight, at the Senate House; then, till noon, she held her classes; from twelve till half-past four the association business occupied her, and when she returned home about five o'clock, a class of from sixteen to twenty poor children were awaiting her to receive religious instruction. When they left, at six, she most frequently visited the poor until nine o'clock, when she felt free to recreate herself by calling on some friend. Thus in constant activity her days and years passed on, varied by an occasional holiday visit to England, where she had become acquainted with Lord Ashley and other philanthropists; by an excursion to Berlin and introduction to the queen of Prussia, and by several short summer sojourns with the now dowager queen of Denmark. Her correspondence with the latter lady was of a most interesting character, as may be judged by the following extract from one of Miss Sieveking's letters to her, written in the year 1849: "The emancipation of women, in a Christian sense, seems to me one of the great questions of the age. I have long, long borne it in my heart, but till now durst not speak of it openly, not thinking that the time was ripe for doing so. I feared the force of the prejudice, which

declares all other kinds of action in woman to be inconsistent with her peculiar household calling, careless whether this calling really suffice to engage all her energies, to supply all her needs; as, after most careful observation, I am convinced that in hundreds and hundreds of cases it does not. I feared that if I should speak out plainly on this point, I should lose the confidence of the parents who had intrusted their children to me, and shut myself out of that employment which of all others I preferred. And yet another thought restrained me: I knew not yet myself what answer to give to the question, how young girls and women should occupy themselves. But now I have dared to give my opinion on the subject, and it is the signs of the times that have emboldened me to do so, for after careful watching I think that I can read in them the promise of a new era for our sex. First, and principally, I see among girls and women a continually growing feeling of a need to employ their time in a more worthy manner than heretofore, and what specially rejoices me is that this longing is more and more recognized by thinking men as lawful and right. The exact form which their activity is to take I do not yet precisely see, but I have every confidence that the impulse, once earnestly awakened, and no longer crushed by the veto of conventionality, will be sure to take the right direction, and find a way for itself."

In 1854, Miss Sieveking published her last book, "Conversations on the Holy Scriptures," a copy of which she sent to the queen of Prussia, who, in passing through Hamburg the previous summer, had with her royal husband visited the "Children's Hospital," and presented it with a munificent donation. In the letter which accompanied her volume she writes; "One mission I believe to be common to all women, whether their station be high or low, though according to the difference of their station it may be very differently carried out. It is the mission of love based on faith, humble, and ready to render any service, and which by its gentle magic softens the opposing rudeness of a world agitated by wild passions, ay, and draws down heaven to this poor earth, building a paradise in its own heart, though it may not always enjoy one in the outer world."

The disappointment which troubled her most was when she could not succeed in inspiring others so fully as she wished, with her own benevolent sentiments. Writing to her nephew in 1855 she says, "The great aim of my life, at least since my twentieth year, has been to arouse my sex, and particularly unmarried women, to a practical striv-

ing after the kingdom of God; to a useful even though subordinated co-operation with men in the work of endeavoring to elevate the lower classes. I have met with much approval of my ideas, and my efforts have received much more praise than in the eyes of the Lord they merited. But of what use is this when the acknowledgment of act and deed is wanting. My 'Conversations on Passages of Holy Writ,' have been read with interest by many, and a new edition is just leaving the press; so far, so good. But then, while the mother of one of my scholars, a lady of by no means weak understanding, wishes me success to my book, and assures me that it is long since she has read any thing that has so much edified her, yet this same lady refuses her daughter permission to go and read occasionally to a poor, blind man. Should I then look on her praise as mere flattery? I would not charge her with this. It is only one of the instances which so often occur of inconsistency, of the difference between theory and practice. Yet again: one of my scholars earnestly longs for some other occupation than manual work, in which her time is now chiefly employed; there is a favorable opportunity for her; she could remain with her parents and only come to me four times a week to help me to give lessons, which would leave superabundant time for all her little household duties. The prospect delighted her, her mother would wish no better for her, as she has three grown-up daughters and hardly knows what to give them to do, yet the whole plan is frustrated by the pertinacious opposition of the father, who cannot bear that his child should have any regular occupation out of the house. Another acquaintance will not allow his wife to visit the poor in the mornings, for fear the servant maid should not be sufficiently looked after, not as regards her work, she is competent enough in that, but with respect to her morals. Yet when he takes his wife out into company and the house is left for hours together, he never thinks of the maid's morals being endangered by that. Such inconsistency and prejudice often grieves and vexes me, but I never give up the hope of seeing these prejudices disappear, though my earthly eyes may have been long closed before that time arrives; and if it shall be found, as I believe will be the case, that I have contributed in any measure to such a result, it will be a blessing for which I shall thank God through all eternity."

In 1856, her health, which had hitherto been so marvellously sustained, began at last to give way, and constant medical attendance became necessary. Her physician absolutely refused any fees, during a long

and anxious attendance, but as she had herself done so much for others gratuitously, she held it to be no humiliation to receive free service from others, and was only grateful for the kindness. She visited one or two watering-places, and for a time experienced some benefit from the change, but for the next three years remained more or less an invalid, though still working at intervals to the utmost of her ability, gathering the people and children round her at home when unable to leave the house. It was, she said, a necessity to her, and the doctors found there was so much truth in this, that they let her do as she would. Increasing weakness, however, forced her to yield at last, and at the beginning of 1859 she bade farewell to the poor people who had attended her Bible-class, and calling the ladies of the association together, told them her last wishes respecting their future operations, and resigned her superintendency. In March she was compelled finally to dismiss her young scholars, and then she felt that indeed the business of her life was over. It closed as such a life should, calmly and gently. Very pleasant was the aspect of that sunshiny room, where the invalid, weak as a little child, yet mostly free from pain, lay on her sofa surrounded by flowers, the daily tribute of many loving hearts, often slumbering from very feebleness, but then waking up again to inquire who had been with the children that day, and how the class had gone on, to listen to the reading of a hymn, or add yet a few more lines to the last letter for her kindred in England. After a few days of greater suffering than she had before experienced, she sank to her longed-for rest on the 1st of April, 1859.

With a view to overcome the prejudice of the poor against pauper funerals, Miss Sieveking had left strict orders that she should

be buried in the style of the very poorest; and in accordance with her will she was placed in an undecorated coffin, composed of four plain black boards, which was carried in the early morning by the ordinary poor-house bearers on the poorhouse bier to the cemetery, where it was soon covered with wreaths and garlands, while crowds of rich and poor came streaming out of the city and the suburbs to hear the funeral service performed over the remains of one who had renewed the example of the apostolic days. After the prayers, and a hymn by the children of the parish school, the coffin was deposited in the family grave of the Syndic Sieveking, and then pressed forward friends and acquaintances, old and young, members of the association, children from the classes, poor people of all kinds, all anxious to take one more look, or throw one more flower upon the coffin. Not an eye was dry, yet amid the universal sorrow was something, too, of universal rejoicing, for all knew and felt that the good servant had only quitted them to enter into her Master's joy.

Such a life as the above needs little comment. It appeals the more fully to our sympathies, it comes before us the more brightly as an example, inasmuch as, aided by the Holy Spirit, Amalie Sieveking made herself what she was. Endowed by nature with no very shining qualities, it was by the consecration of her whole being, such as it was, to the service of God and her kind, that she achieved great results. Strict conscientiousness, and a strong desire to be useful, were her chief characteristics; and from these two qualities, which ought to be found in every heart, grew, by careful cultivation, every thing that was lovely and of good report. She was the glory of her native city, and throughout her German fatherland, her influence is now felt and her name honored.

E.

NARCOTIC INJECTIONS IN NEURALGIA.—*The Medical Times and Gazette*, referring to cases of neuralgia in which the local treatment by narcotic injection into the parts was employed, enumerates as follows what appears to be the advantages of that method: That much less constitutional—nervous—irritation attends the local introduction of the narcotic than when it is given by the stomach; that the effect of the narcotic is more immediately produced; that the action of the narcotic appear more sure when injected—the exact amount taken into circulation can be more readily seen, and the risk of contamina-

tion or alteration which it is exposed to, given by the stomach, is avoided; and it appears to exert more benefit on the local affection when it has to be absorbed from the part affected itself, probably from being brought more directly into contact with the nerves involved in the disease. On the other hand there are the disadvantages. These are chiefly—the pain occasioned by the introduction of the fine canula; the chance of the fluid escaping from the wound or puncture; and the production of local inflammation, effusion of blood, abscess.

From Once a Week.

AN HONEST ARAB.

WE had been on a fishing tour in the Highlands, and, *en route* to town, were idling a day or two in "the grey metropolis of the north." "Scotchman, Xpress, Mer-kerry, Fewzees, penny a hunder—this day's Scotchman, sir!" shouted a shrill-piped, ragged little imp at the fag end of a cold, wet, bitter day in October, as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal in Princes Street.

"No; we don't want any."

"Fewzees, penny a hunder, sir; this day's paper, sir—half price, sir—only a bawbee;" persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith, as the market showed symptoms of decline, and threatened to close decidedly flat.

"Get along, Bird's-eye, don't want any," growled Phillips.

"They're gude fewzees, sir, penny a hunder."

"Don't smoke," Phillips, *loquitur*, whiff, whiff, whiff.

"They're gude fewzees, sir, hunder and twenty for a penny, sir," coming round on my flank.

"No; don't want 'em, my boy."

The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of scanty rags looked piteously up at me moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more. Somehow in this instance that pledge would not stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penn'orth, young'un."

"Yes, sir—they dinna smell."

"If the lucifers don't, the son of Lucifer does," threw in Phillips.

"Ah, I haven't got a copper, little 'un, nothing less than a shilling; so, never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them the night, if you please. I'm very hung-grey, sir."

"He'll give you his cheque for the balance, Geff."

His little cold face, which had lightened up, now fell, for, from his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll gang for the change, sir."

"Well, little 'un, I'll try you—there is a shilling—now be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel—ask for Mr. Turner."

"Give my friend your word of honor, as a gentleman, as security for the bob."

"As sure's death, sir, I'll bring the change the morn," was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with the shilling.

"Well, Turner," as we strolled along Princes Street, "you don't expect to see your brimstone friend again, do you?"

"I do."

"Your friend will dishonor his I. O. U. as sure as—"

"Well, I won't grieve about the money; but I think I can trust yon boy."

"Can? Why, you *have* trusted him; and your deliberation savors remarkably of the wisdom of the historical stable-keeper, who began to think about shutting the door when—but the illustration don't seem to strike you as a novelty."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, wonders, but not young Brimstone and your money."

Next morning we were on the Roslin Stage to "do" the wonderful little chapel there. It is a perfect little gem, and its tracery, and its witchery, and its flowers, and fruits, and stony stories charm and delight the civilized eye and soul as fresh to-day, as they did the rude barbarians four long centuries ago. I never visit Edinburgh, but I go and see that little chapel at Roslin, and always endeavor to have a fresh companion with me, to watch the new delight and joy he receives, and to which I am a partaker too. But to return to the Roslin Stage. We were stopped near the university by a crowd congregated round some wretch brought to grief by the race-horse pace of a butcher's cart. A working man raised something in his arms, and, followed by the crowd, bore it off.

"It was over thereabouts, Phillips," I said during the block-up, "that Lord Darnley, of exalted memory, was blown up in the Kirk o' the Fields, to which sky-rocketing Mary of Scotland and the Isles, Regina, his beauteous, loving, and ill-starred spouse, was said to be a privy and consenting party."

"Nothing peculiarly interesting or uncommon in that episode of connubial bliss, I should think, friend of mine. Blown up, my boy! One of dearest woman's dearest privileges—that's what you may look forward to when you pledge your plighted troth."

"Blown up by gunpowder, Charley, Guy Faux fashion, though. That's Darnley's garden-wall close by that public house, and that's the doorway of it built up."

"Quite right, too. No backways to the tap, says I. And Darnley be darned and blowed, too; but why don't Jehu handle his ribbons, and stir up his thoroughbreds. Now, then, one o'clock, the stage awaits."

"Did ye say ane o'clock, sir," returned Jarvie, rustling his ribbons, after we had gone a little way. "I'm thinkin ye're gey weel acquaint wi' that hour, 'the wee short hour ayont the twal,' as Robbie says. Wad

ye hae me drive on, regardless o' life or lim, and may be render anither bairn lifeless, or an object for life. Na, na; ane o'clock kens better."

"What's put your pipe out, Charley, you neither smoke nor speak. Has 'ane o'clock' put it on the stopper?"

"I houp not, sir—meant nae offence, sir," said Coachee, who heard me. "Look ye, there's Craigmillar Castle, where puir Queen Mary spent a few o' her few happy days; and there's Blackford Hill, where Sir Walter says Marmion stood and saw

"Such dusky grandeur clothe the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!"

And that's Liberton, where Mr. Butler in the Heart of Mid Lothian was Dominie. And yonder's Burdie House; there's rare fossil fish and other creaturs got at its lime quarries, they tell me. Ah! I've mony a time seen puir Hugh Miller, wha's dead and gone, oot here ladened wi' bits o' stanes that he ca'd fine specimens, and gae'd lang nebbed foreign names to. Burdie House, ye ken, is Scotch for Bourdeaux House, a place where some of Mary's foreign courtiers lived; and that village you see ow'r by my whip, was built for her French flunkies, and is ca'd Little France to this very day."

On our return to the inn, I inquired:—

"Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?"

"Boy, sir?—call, sir? No, sir."

"Of course, Geff, he didn't. Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?"

"Indeed I did, Charley. I wish he had proved honest."

"Then, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how thou art fallen!"

Later in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wished to speak with me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless, shirtless, shrunk, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small and cold and childlike—though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, blue-cold face, down which tears had worn their weary channels—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous night.

"Enter Antonio to redeem his bond!" Phillips, *loquitur*.

He stood for a few moments diving and rumaging into the recesses of his rags; at last little Tom Thumb said:—

"Are you the gentlemen that boucht fewzees frae Sandy yesterday?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Weel here's the sevenpence (counting out divers copper coins) Sandy canna come; he's no weel; a cart ran ow'r him the day, and broken his legs, and lost his bannet, and his fewzees, and your four-pence-piece, and his knife, and he's no weel. He's no weel ava, and the doc—tor says—he's dee—dee—in, and—and that's a' he can gie you, noo." And the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying.

I gave him food, for though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the display on the tea-table.

"Are you Sandy's brother?"

"Ay, sir;" and the floodgates of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"

"We bide in Blackfriars Wynd in the Coogate. My mither's dead, and father's awa; and we bide whiles wi' our gude-mither," sobbing bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"

"Near the college, sir."

Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of these ancient closes by day, and here I entered one by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs in total darkness, he opened a door, whence a light maintained a feeble unequal struggle with the thick, close-smelling, heavy gloom. My courage nearly gave way as the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent, but scarcely made visible by one guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an overcrowded mass of wretched beings sleeping on miserable beds spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon the cold, unfurnished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate quarrelling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp, pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of the sweat of agony standing on his brow—his bruised and mangled body lay motionless and still, except when sobs and moaning heaved his fluttering breast. A bloated woman in maudlin drunkenness (the dead or banished father's second wife, and not *his* mother), now and then bathed his lips with whiskey-and-water, while she applied to her own a bottle of spirits to drown the grief she hicoughed and assumed. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony (for

his case was hopeless, even though he had been taken first as he ought to have been, to the Infirmary in the neighborhood), but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed upon a less miserable bed of straw; and seeing a woman, and occupant of the room, to attend him during the night, I gave what directions I could, and left the degraded, squalid home.

Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. Its close, pestilential air, and towering, antique, dilapidated mansions (the abode of the peerage in far-off times) now struck my senses. Above a doorway was carved upon the stone,—“Except ye Lord do build ye house ye builders build in vain.”

I said the room was spacious: it was almost noble in its proportions. The walls of panelled oak sadly marred, a massive marble mantelpiece of cunning carving, ruthlessly broken and disfigured, enamelled tiles around the fireplace, once representing some Bible story, now sore despoiled and cracked, and the ceiling festooned with antique fruits and flowers, shared in the general vandal wreck. With the exception of a broken chair, furniture there was none in that stifling den. Its occupants, said the surgeon, whom I found at the sufferer's bed, were chiefly of our city's pests, and the poor lad's stepmother—who had taken him from the ragged school that she might drink of his pitiful earnings—was as sunk in infamy as any there.

For the patient, medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. The soul looking from his light blue eyes was slowly ebbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin,

but consciousness returned, and his lamp was flickering up before it sunk forever. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face.

“I got the change and was comin’—”

“My poor boy you were very honest. Have you any wish—any thing, poor child, I can do for you? I promise to—”

“Reuby, I'm sure I'm deen, wha will take care o' you noo?”

Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying, and threw himself prostrate on the bed. “O Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!” sobbed his little heart.

“I will see to your little brother.”

“Thank you, sir! Dinna—dinna leave me, Reu—Reu—by. I'm com—comin', comin’—”

“Wisht! wisht!” cried little Reub, looking up, and turning round to implore some silence in the room. That moment the calm, faded smile, that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies in the Canongate churchyard, not far from the gravestone put up by Burns to the memory of Ferguson, his brother poet, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's ragged school, and receive excellent accounts of him, and from him.

“What of your young Arab, Turner?” said Phillips the following afternoon. “Was he honest, and is he really ill?”

“Yes, Phillips, he was an honest Arab; but now he is ‘where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.’”

G. T.

PROF. OWEN's long-expected work on fossil remains, “Paleontology; or, A Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals, and their Geological Relations,” has been published by Messrs. Black of Edinburgh. As a manual of the existing state of knowledge, it is pronounced invaluable by scientific men, though it studiously avoids an opinion on the theoretical questions now provoking discussion. Prof. Owen is still engaged on a work of magnitude, an edition and notes of “The Posthumous Papers of John Hunter, on Natural History, Physiology, Generation, Psychology, Paleontology, and Comparative Anatomy,” embracing, it is to be hoped, all that was left of that great man's labors, after the dastardly destruction by Sir Everard Home of his papers, that he might shine in their borrowed plumes.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Transcript*, writing from Florence, says that one of the highest privileges which the lover of genius can enjoy in that city, is a visit to Walter Savage Landor. He is now over eighty-six years of age, with beard and hair snow-white. At his villa, near Florence, he has a collection of several hundred pictures, the gathering of his life, by the aid of the best amateurs. His conversation, like that of most old people, runs much on the past. It is not surprising that he should be a little garrulous or eccentric. He talks of the time when he saw the elder Napoleon with “a round and olive face like that of a Greek girl;” and of Schlegel, whom he knew intimately, and of whom he tells excellent stories; of his old friend John Kenyon, and of George Washington, whom he ranks first of mortals.

From The Saturday Review, 17 March.

NATURAL BOUNDARIES.

Now that the French slopes of the Alps have been appropriated in deference to the designs of nature, it is the turn of Germany to ask when she will be called on to rectify the mistake she has committed in pushing herself beyond the Rhine. Later on, our turn will come, and we shall have to consider whether nature meant our imperial friend to have Antwerp and to command the whole of our eastern coast. But at present Germany, and especially Prussian Germany, knows that the nearest object of French covetousness is the Rhenish provinces. No one in Prussia doubts for a moment that the struggle is sure to come if the empire which is peace lasts much longer. At any moment the emperor can take up this very attractive work. The quarrel is ready made for him. Sardinia and Austria are sure to be on such terms that a good-natured friend can easily get up a fight between them whenever he wishes. The liberator of Italy will assist in the attack on the Quadrilateral, and then Prussia must come to the defence. She was hastening, in her quiet way, to defend the Quadrilateral when the Peace of Villafranca was signed, and as it is obvious, now that Savoy is gone, that the Rhenish provinces will be the prize for which the French armies will next be set in motion, the first principles of self-interest must prompt her to come with all her strength to help Austria while her help can do any good. Lord John Russell very unjustly gave Prussia last year one of those insulting lectures which were the favorite weapons of old English diplomacy, because she was preparing to take up the cause of Austria as her own. The issue has shown that the quarrel, after a certain point, must necessarily have been her own. France goes to war in Italy in order to get something that is not in Italy for herself. Prussia is set down in the black list as the next victim, and the Quadrilateral is as certainly a defence of the Rhine as Ehrenbreitstein is. If Austria were so mad as to make an attack on the new dominions of Victor Emmanuel, or if the Sardinians, single-handed, were to sit down before the Quadrilateral, Prussia would leave Austria to manage her own affairs. But we may consider it as certain as any thing can be about a German power, that Prussia would declare war if France attempted to cross the Mincio. It is also certain that Louis Napoleon could launch the Italians against the Quadrilateral, and thus begin the war if he wished. However clearly statesmen like Cavour may see that Italy, in making an aggressive war at this juncture, would be merely acting as the tool of France, it is impossible that an Italian Parliament,

stimulated to undertake a popular enterprise by the acts and encouragement of France, should long refrain from imposing its will on the most sensible ministry that was ever formed.

All this is clearly recognized in Germany, and it is therefore worth while to see how far Germany is prepared to meet the storm. The court of Berlin is in a state of undisguised fear, and it is also in a state of helpless perplexity. The critical test of real war revealed the disheartening truth that the Prussian army required a complete re-organization. The regent had both the courage honestly to acknowledge this painful truth, and the sense to set about providing the best remedy he could. If a little breathing-time is given her, the army of Prussia will be not unworthy to meet a French army in the field. Whether officers or men would go into a great battle with much secret expectation of winning, may be doubtful; but they would fight well and hard, and a victory over them would be costly enough to give Louis Napoleon much cause for anxiety. But Prussia alone could offer no real resistance to France, and if any effectual opposition were to be made, it must come from the union of all Germany. Unfortunately, there is very little hope that Germany will be united. The old scheme of the Bund has quite broken down, and the League is now nothing more than the centre of all the rivalry, hatred, and jealousy that accompanies the struggle between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in Germany. Austria, inheriting the traditions of the old German empire, affects to treat Prussia as a feudal lord treated a great vassal, and has, ever since the peace of Villafranca, expressed the greatest animosity against her rival, because Prussia did not come to the rescue exactly at the time and in the way in which Austria bade her. Prussia, on the other hand, is conscious that she represents all that has most life and energy in Germany. She thinks that the future is hers, and that she is destined to represent Germany in Europe. Two rivals, with such opposite views of their relative positions, are never likely to be in want of excellent grounds of quarrel, and the two great German states not only find abundance of opportunities for small temporary disputes, but keep up a chronic sore in their standing disagreement as to the constitution of Hesse. Practically, however, the variance between Prussia and Austria would soon settle itself, as one or the other must give way, were it not for the states of intermediate size, which are dignified with the name of kingdoms, and consider themselves too big and important to be absorbed in the political supremacy of either of the great

German powers. As Prussia is the rising state, and as the leaning of almost all German courts is towards Austria, the hatred of these kingdoms is principally directed against Prussia. There is scarcely any step they would not take to defeat what they think the crafty machinations of the court of Berlin. Last year, Prussia, during the war, refused to consider herself merely as a member of the German League. She claimed the privileges of a great European power, and insisted that she would only go to war when she pleased. For the moment, the minor states of Germany found themselves compelled to follow her lead, but they have warmly resented her assumption of superiority, and the flame of jealousy has now reached such a height that it is by no means improbable that some of these minor states would prefer to place themselves under the protection of France rather than see Prussia recognized as their head. While such feelings animate the different members of the League, it is obvious that the constitution of the Bund and the arrangement by which its forces are disposed of in time of war, is a source of the greatest danger to Germany. The whole federal army is placed under the command of a general chosen by the League. As neither Austria nor Prussia would resign their pretensions, the probability is that a commander from one of the minor states would be selected. But he would not be likely to have much real authority. Austria and Prussia would, on the first error or the first sign of misfortune, withdraw troops which they would consider much too valuable to be sacrificed to the impossible object of keeping the Bund together. A confederation not animated by a common spirit is certain to fall speedily to pieces in the face of danger, and, after standing perhaps one shock, the federal army would melt away, leaving Germany disheartened by failure and perplexed by the inherent absurdity of her military arrangements. What Prussia wishes to effect is that this military system should be broken up altogether, and that there should be two German armies—one of the northern states under the guidance of Prussia, and one of the southern states under the guidance of Austria. The contingents of the minor states would thus be of some real use, and there can be little doubt that the result of a war would be to force on Germany the arrangement which Prussia wishes her to adopt beforehand. But there is not the slightest human likelihood that Germany will consent to any scheme so sensible; and, when war breaks out, the federal system will still be found existing to impair the efficiency of the German soldiery, to cripple the action of the powers that must,

in the long run, bear the brunt of the battle, and, not improbably, to carry the seeds of treachery and disaffection into the midst of the confederation.

Prussia, therefore, although she knows her danger as well as a man does whose boat has yielded to the current of Niagara, is perfectly helpless. She can do nothing except exhibit to Europe the spectacle of a vacillation that brings her into contempt. She cannot break up the Bund in a time of peace. She cannot secure the adhesion of her envious neighbors, who would find as much cause for joy as sorrow if the French were to march to-morrow into Berlin. She can do nothing more than let France and Europe guess that she will not henceforth separate her cause from that of Austria, if Austria, while acting on the defensive, is again attacked by France. If France were to go to war with Germany, the only prospect of an issue favorable to the confederation would lie in the whole political arrangement of the country undergoing a thorough transformation. But such a change cannot come until after Germany has sustained the most terrible reverses and undergone the most profound humiliation. There is very little chance that Prussia could keep her Rhenish Provinces if Russia and England were to remain passive while the struggle is going on. France may enlarge her boundaries to their natural limits for any thing that Germany can do to prevent her. But will Russia and England remain passive? As to Russia, we do not pretend to speak with much confidence of a power the policy of which is so distinct from our own. The continental world is persuaded that England will not fight to save Germany; and probably a great portion of the English nation, in their present temper, would think that the Rhenish provinces might as well go as Savoy. "The milk is spilt" on the borders of the Rhine, as it is on the crests of the Alps, and it can make no difference to England if the bigoted Catholics of Trèves and its neighborhood are governed by a Catholic despot, and not by a Protestant and constitutional sovereign. But we may make up our minds that the contest for the Rhenish provinces will really determine the possession of Belgium and Antwerp. If Germany is exhausted and humbled—if she considers that she has done all that became her to uphold European independence, and may as well imitate her old allies and remain at peace—we can do nothing to preserve Belgium. It is absurd to suppose that, without continental allies, we can keep the French from Antwerp. Possibly, we may all make up our minds not to care about Antwerp or Belgium. It may be accepted as the true policy of England to defend only what can

be defended by sea, and to have nothing to do with the continent. How dangerous this policy is, has, we believe, been little considered by those who advocate it. But unless it is right—unless we are prepared to see France extended on all sides to the boundaries she claims as hers by nature—we must regard her next effort at extension as one that concerns ourselves.

From The Saturday Review.

THE DESIGNS OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AMIDST much vague distrust of the emperor of the French, there is really wonderfully little correct appreciation of his policy and designs. There are, however, very few statesmen to whose opinions and modes of thought we have so good a key. His works, published in four volumes, embrace a vast variety of subjects, and almost every page of them throws light upon his acts and projects. It is difficult to understand why they have been so little read, but we suppose that the reasons are threefold. First, that they are not of much intrinsic merit; secondly, that people in general believe them to have far less merit than they really have; and thirdly, because, from the large type in which they are printed, their perusal appears a more formidable undertaking than it will actually be found to be. In seeking in the works of Louis Napoleon a clue to his designs, we must never forget that we are dealing with one who not only perpetually shifts his purpose, at least for a time, with changing circumstances, but is singularly artful, and perfectly indifferent, for the moment, to any thing except the success of his immediate object. Nevertheless, after making all due allowance for this, the study of his writings will be found most valuable by all politicians, and we confidently recommend them to the attention of our readers.

The first and most important of his projects is, we believe, to make France—in the words of his uncle—the “*nation-soleil*” of the universe, and to entwine its prosperity with the name of Napoleon. In order to do this, it is absolutely necessary to abrogate the treaties of 1815, and to *revendiquer* the natural boundaries. Circumstances seem likely to make Savoy the first prize; but the Rhenish frontier, Belgium, and perhaps Geneva, will follow if occasion serves. The surrender of Savoy is pressed because it seems but a trifling accession to the strength of France, and because, in a strategic point of view, its mountain chain is of considerable importance. The same cannot be said of the others, but arguments quite as good can be found. Take the case of Geneva. Not only do many

assert that the remarkable man who has made himself dictator there has an excellent understanding with the French emperor, but not a few of those who are most bitterly opposed to him—weary of mob-rule—are said to be anxious for annexation. Again, if Liege is decidedly hostile to a union with France, we should be sorry to make the same assertion with regard to Hainault. The feelings of the Belgian clergy will be guided chiefly by ecclesiastical considerations, and will be friendly or inimical according to the relations which may subsist, when the critical moment arrives, between the Tuileries and the Vatican. The Rhenish provinces would be a still more difficult acquisition, and Germany would rise as one man to defend them. Still, no one who considers the bribe which might be offered for Russian co-operation can feel very confident that they will not, ere long, become the object of the manœuvres of “our faithful ally.”

It is somewhat unfortunate that, at this crisis, Mr. Cobden should have been in such intimate communication with the French emperor. An absurd impression prevails, in many circles on the continent, that the opinions of the Manchester School are those of the younger generation of English public men. We have no doubt that, well-informed as he is on English matters, the ruler of France is not altogether free from this delusion. It would be rash to predict that Mr. Cobden would object one whit more strenuously to the annexation of Belgium than Mr. Bright does to the annexation of Savoy. Out of governmental circles in Paris, we know that his opinions on this and kindred subjects produced the greatest possible alarm; and from the panic which he excited amongst those who considered him “as marking the end of the great policy of England,” it is perhaps not unfair to infer that his ideas, if expressed amongst officials with his usual freedom and honesty, may have given new vigor to dangerous resolves.

The East has never had the same fascination for the present emperor which it had for the first Napoleon. He did what he could to prevent the Russian war extending into Asia, and the Chinese expedition is not founded on sentiment. Some months ago, he encouraged the French press to stir the question of Perim, and to write up the Suez canal; but this does not appear to have been done because he had any strong feeling upon these subjects, but because he saw an opportunity of exciting hostility against England by agitating them. He knows how great an attraction every thing which belongs to what we may call “the historical East”—meaning by that term chiefly Western Asia—has

ever exercised over the imagination of his countrymen, not less now than—

“When they went for Palestine, with Louis at their head,
And many a waving banner, and the Ori-
flamme outspread;—
And many a burnished galley, with its blaze
of armor shone
In the ports of sunny Cyprus, and the Acre
of St. John.”

It is far from improbable that the Suez canal will give us considerable trouble within the next few years. Englishmen hardly know how deep an interest is felt in France about this wretched bubble. The truth is, that all intercourse between England and India which seems to many of us so matter-of-fact and commonplace, takes, when seen through French spectacles, a color of romance. We do not say that in some respects the French view is not truer than our own; but, not satisfied with considering it in its romantic aspect, they suppose that we derive from it solid advantages, the exact nature of which they would find it difficult to explain, but which they believe to be incalculable. There is also a large class in France which looks upon the Eastern Mediterranean with feelings strongly colored by religion. We would refer any persons to whom this phase of French thought is unfamiliar to M. de La-combe's recent article in the *Correspondant*.

We have heard it said in Paris that some of the younger men who at present stand aloof from politics, but are not attached to any of the older dynasties, would not object to serve under Louis Napoleon if he ruled with constitutional forms. In many passages of his works there are indications of a belief that it is possible for a despotic ruler to educate his country for freedom, and then to confer that boon upon it. The experience of power has probably long ere this shown him that he totally misread the designs of his uncle when he attributed to him any such intention, and this delusion has, we suspect, gone the way of many others. Even if it has not, the better opinion seems to be that his position as a constitutional sovereign would be utterly untenable, and that he is doomed to be what he is or perish. We have no doubt that he would, if he could, introduce many minor reforms. His opinions on the subject of passports, for example, have been strongly expressed, but he probably does not feel himself sufficiently powerful to encounter the storm of bureaucratic prejudice which their abolition would call forth. The necessities of his situation will prevent him from carrying out any of the more important measures of internal reform of which he may have dreamed. All the

more, for this reason, must we be prepared to see him labor unceasingly in the field of general European politics, earning year by year more enmity from most persons as the arch-disturber, while others, whose interest in peace is less deep, may possibly say—

“Ambition has its uses in the scheme
Of Providence, whose instrument he is
To work some changes in the world and die.”

With regard to his Italian policy, we believe him on the whole to be honest. There are few men in whose hearts every feeling and every enthusiasm is extinguished by self-interest, and we do not think that he is one of them. Besides, the founder of his name did not neglect to point out to his family the important advantages which they derived from their being at once Bonapartes and Buonapartes; and the mission of Prince Napoleon into Tuscany was undoubtedly intended to result in securing an apauage for a scion of the imperial line. If it failed, that was not the fault of the emperor. We would almost venture to prophesy that one day or other (if the dynasty lasts long enough) a Bonaparte will occupy the papal chair.

Some of our readers may remember having seen in this journal an account of a strange pamphlet, by the Abbé Michon, called *La Papauté à Jérusalem*. We believe that we are not far wrong in asserting that the project of transferring the seat of the holy father to Palestine is not, or at least has not been, altogether alien to the mind of the emperor. We have little doubt that a crisis in the Eastern Peninsula will succeed the Italian one. It is but a month or two ago that the emperor is said to have remarked to a well-known capitalist, who complained of the uncertainty which troubles the money market, “Ah! quand le Turc tombe vous verrez bien autre chose.”

It is a sufficiently significant fact, that the most considerable literary production of the Napoleon of peace should be a treatise on artillery. The whole of the fourth volume of his works is occupied with this subject. It is only fair to say that the book contains much that is interesting; but we fear that this is not likely to lessen the alarm which the fact of so powerful a prince being so familiarly acquainted with the *ultima ratio regum*, inspires amongst his neighbors. Some of the maxims enunciated are well worth attention, as, for example, the following:—“Nothing complicated has ever produced good results in war, and theorists always forget that the object of every improvement ought to be to obtain the greatest effect possible with the *minimum* of effort and expense.” It is worth remarking that within the last

few weeks orders have been given to diminish very considerably the numbers of the French cavalry and greatly to increase the horse artillery.

Throughout the writings of Napoleon III. there are strong indications of that passion for great public works which is one of the features of his reign. It is usual to praise him for what he has done for Paris, and certainly much good has been effected; but it must not be supposed that he has won golden opinions from all by his Augustan love o building. "Paris," say many of its most cultivated inhabitants, "is becoming the vulgar city in Europe. Long lines of uniform streets, with no history, are dearly purchased by the destruction of nine-tenths of the buildings the associations of which carry us back beyond the days of the consulate." If, however, he can reclaim the Landes and drain the Sologne he will have conferred services which it will be impossible not to recognize.

There is no doubt that the emperor, in so far as he understands the subject, is a convert to the doctrines of free-trade; and it is curious to compare with his present assertions the phrases of which he makes use in his *Analysis of the Sugar Question*—a question, by the way, which the partisans of his present views delighted, to use his own words, *à déplacer et à obscurcir*. In that strangely sentimental strain which Frenchmen so often use, even when they speak of the least sentimental subjects, he implores the Chambers to defend, by their protecting votes, the beet-root sugar manufacture—"that daughter of the empire"—and recommends that daughter herself to claim loudly her rights, and to answer to her adversaries, "Respect me, for I enrich the ground; I fertilize the land, which, without me, would be uncultivated; I give occupation to the arms which, without me, would be idle; in short, I solve one of the greatest problems of modern societies: *J'organize et moralize le travail*."

We lately met with a book called *Napoleon III. on England*, the object of which appears to be to show, by extracts from the emperor's own writings, that the fear of his intentions which prevails so generally in this country is not well founded. The editor has fulfilled his task with good faith, but the absence of hostile expressions with regard to England in the passages which he has collected proves very little. The truth is that the "wheel has come full circle" since the present occupant of the Tuileries was a denizen of St. James'. It is not the words which were used by Louis Napoleon when arraigned before the Chamber of Peers which make us take heed of our defences—it is not

the friendly tone of his essays on the Stuarts which can inspire us with confidence. It is the temptation of his political necessities which may make him our foe. It is the *utile bellum* which we fear. Who knows how soon it may seem to him desirable to silence that "slave in the triumphal car," the English press? And who can doubt that if the opposition of England was once neutralized, he would be able to shape, almost at will, the map of Europe? Russia is the only state which could, if she would, oppose him; and is it improbable that she would renew to him the proposals which were made to this country before the outbreak of the Crimean war? An alliance between France and Russia, built upon a mutual recognition of their right to dispose of the interests of other states as best suited them, might, if this troublesome little island were crippled, last for more than one generation.

From The Saturday Review, 24 March.
THE PRECEDENT OF SAVOY.

WE have never doubted that our government have done substantially right in the question of Savoy. Had Sardinia been despoiled against her will, the laws to which all nations owe their independent existence would have been violated, and all nations would have been bound to lend their aid to the victim against the aggressor. But Sardinia consents to her own spoliation, believing it to be for the good of Italy that she should do so. She gives her ancient domain, as she gave a princess of her house, to purchase a great advantage for the nation of which she is now the head. She immolates half a million of subjects, as she immolated a daughter, to appease the powers of evil. We cannot pretend to prevent her making the bargain she thinks fit to make. We cannot even pretend to say that the bargain she makes is not a good one, or that she is not placed under a necessity so overwhelming as to save her honor from the stain which the abandonment of the very hearth of her dynasty would otherwise bring upon it. As to the interests of England in the matter, they are those of constitutional liberty alone. And the gain to those interests by the whole transaction is so immense that we should be ill-advised indeed to imperil it for the sake of avoiding a comparatively trifling loss. Constitutional liberty has to deplore the annexation of the people of Savoy, against their wishes, to the domain of that tyranny which, under the shifting phases of despotism, terrorism, and imperialism, it seems to be the fate of France to represent. But constitutional liberty has at the same time to rejoice over the accession of a great part, and the impending accession of the whole, of Italy

to the brighter and happier domain. The counsel of the leader of the opposition, who rails at the government for not abandoning Central Italy, is worthy of the orator who used to inflict upon the House declamations in defence of the partition of Poland and the character of the holy alliance. It may be found that there is a degree of subserviency to absolute courts too degraded even for the Tories of a constitutional country. We have frequently wished, in the course of these negotiations, that England had not at the head of her government a guest of Compiègne. But when we look to the opposite benches, we feel that on this, as on other questions a change had better be deferred until change is likely to be improvement.

While, however, England acquiesces in the annexation of Savoy, it is all-important to apprehend clearly the grounds of her acquiescence. The *Times* would lead Europe to believe that we know that we are wronged, but that we know also that we are impotent; that we would interfere if we dared, but that we dare not interfere—that we would expostulate further, but that our expostulations would be to the strong aggressor as the howling of the wind—and that, in short, we find it best to put our honor in our pocket and follow the dictates of fear, styling itself, as usual, common sense. We are not surprised that, in attempting to adorn such a thesis as this, the *Times* should be deserted even by its wonted literary power. The true reason why England does not interfere is, that no wrong has been committed which she is entitled to resent. The only parties wronged are the people of the ceded provinces, whose rights are in the keeping of Sardinia, not in ours. Sardinia is a voluntary party to the transaction. We are not touched. The mere aggrandizement of France, internal or external, furnishes no grounds for interference, though it may for apprehension and precaution. There is, therefore, nothing in our conduct on this occasion to which cowardice, or Quakerism, can point at any future time as a precedent for submission to high-handed wrong or for abandonment of the national honor. There is nothing which derogates in the slightest degree from our clear obligation to take arms in the common cause of nations in case an attempt should be made—as one day the attempt will be made—to extend the French empire by force to the Rhine. The difference is not merely wide, but infinite, between non-interference in a free, though disgraceful and nefarious bargain, and cowardly submission to any sort of injury done to the humblest in the community of European nations. We could even wish that our ministers had wasted their ink less in expostulation. Expostula-

tion, in such a case as this, is suggestive of impotent anger, and it will not fail to be so represented to the French nation. The veteran premier can scarcely have been sanguine enough to believe that he would be able to recall his friend to a sense of moral dignity and honor. The more impressive course would, perhaps, have been simply to have ascertained that Sardinia was acting under no compulsion, and to have stated to the French government that the voluntary character of the act on the part of Sardinia was the reason why we did not interfere. In public, as in private life, it is best to reserve the bark till it is required to explain the bite.

The nations of Europe are now in the case in which they have been more than once before, and in which other groups of nations have been when threatened by the ambition of a great aggressive power. It is their part to take care that they do not repeat the melancholy experience of the past. Cowardice and indolence are always too fruitful of sophistical reasons for not lending a hand to put out the fire when it is only your neighbor's house that is in flames. We have already heard from the French portion of the English press protests against our interfering in case the French emperor should think fit to "chastise" Germany for showing a determination to defend her own independence. Prussia looked on at Austerlitz, having entirely satisfied herself that she was not called upon to act, and having received the most conclusive assurances from "a faithful ally" that she would never be herself placed in the slightest danger. Austria, more pardonably, looked on, in her turn, at Jena. How little did Russia, when she bartered away the interests of Austria, Prussia, England, and Spain, foresee Borodino and Moscow! What excellent reasons had each of the states threatened by Louis XIV. for slipping out of the confederacy, or leaving its allies to bear the brunt of the contest! To go still further back in history, how prudent and sensible did each Grecian state seem to itself in refusing to accede to the league against Macedonia or Rome till it was too late! The advantages which a vast despotism like France has over a multitude of separate states for the purpose of aggression are infinite. Louis Napoleon understands them well. His policy has been, from the first, to sow jealousies, embroil the different powers in war, and isolate them from each other. This policy is not prevented from being further successful merely because it now stands detected. To prevent it from being further successful, the various states which are threatened must enter, if not into a formal league for mutual defence, at least into a practical understand-

ing, and at once show front together. We have a great danger in the midst of us, against which it will, for the present, be the single object of all rational diplomacy to guard. A powerful nation has been led, through a chain of causes which we need not now rehearse, to disregard all moral, all religious, all political, all intellectual objects of national aspiration, and to devote all its energies to aggressive war. We must look this fact in the face, and meet it coolly but manfully as we would a terrible visitation of nature. Like the visitations of nature, it will pass away, if we have only the resolution to deal properly with it while it lasts. The formidable force which France acquires by her cruel conscriptions and her lavish war expenditure is spasmodic and transient. Her population diminishes, the sources of her wealth languish, her debt accumulates, the military despotism which wields her power in so concentrated a form is, at the same time, sapping the national spirit, without which there can be no lasting power. We have to deal, not with the revolutionary republic, but with the second empire. Any soldier will tell you whether the conscripts of Solferino fought like the volunteers of Arcole. A few years of constancy and union, and the period will arrive of collapse for France—of deliverance from danger for her neighbors. Then a long vista of peace, liberty, progress, and immunity from standing armies, secure enjoyment of the fruits of labor, may open for the world.

Meantime, there is one thing which we presume, after the annexation of Savoy, imperialists and peace-mongers will not deny. They will not deny that to place implicit confidence, henceforth, in the word of Louis Napoleon would be pushing generosity to the extreme limit permitted by wisdom. Let us grant that the annexation of Savoy to France is required by the laws of physical nature, and that, if the French emperor would only allow the vote of the people to be taken, it would be clamorously demanded by the Savoyard population. Let us grant, as to this and all the proceedings of the French emperor in Italy, all that imperialists can assume. Let us even soar on the wings of fancy with an imperialist poetess, and suppose that the disappointment of the hopes of Italy in the peace of Villafranca, and the proposed restoration of the grand dukes, together with the subsequent intrigues in favor of a French satrapy in Tuscany, were necessary concessions on the part of an heroic and almost divine being to the meanness of an unworthy and calumnious age, incapable of comprehending its master mind. Still the fact remains, that the French emperor advanced to the possession of Savoy through

a long and very complicated train of that which hero-worshippers style the morality of heroes, and ordinary mortals call perfidy and falsehood. A solemn disclaimer of any desire for territorial aggrandizement, or for any but moral influence, was the notification the world received of a plan, then undoubtedly formed, for grasping a new province, and getting hold of the passes of the Alps. The allegation that the reluctance of the people of Savoy to have their country dismembered is the reason for not paying the respect that had been intended to the claims of Switzerland, crowns a pile of falsehood perhaps unparalleled in the history even of French diplomacy. When Louis Philippe played a similar game to bring about the Spanish marriages, no names were too bad for the crime of the intriguing monarch, or the credulity of those who had trusted his professions. But Louis Philippe was a vulgar constitutional king, and to tax him with perfidy, and warn ministers against a blind confidence in his intentions, was perfectly safe, legitimate, and inoffensive to the French nation. Louis Napoleon is a dazzling usurper, surrounded by a grand halo of violence and blood. Say a word as to the necessity of comparing his professions with his interests, and regulating your dealings with him for the future by your experience of his past conduct, and you have the minister down upon you on the instant. Nevertheless, we hope that members who never visit Compiègne will occasionally repeat their offensive warnings. Such warnings may be very disagreeable to ministers obstinately bent on their French intrigue, but they may prove of some value to the world.

From The Saturday Review, 24 March.

THE POSITION OF AUSTRIA.

THE annexation of Central Italy has been received by Austria exactly as might have been expected. She has not chosen to prevent it by force of arms, nor has she appealed to the great powers to defend what she considers the inalienable rights of herself and her ducal subordinates. She has also publicly declared that she will not meet France in the field if she can possibly avoid a contest. She has entered into an express engagement not to take the initiative in aggression against Piedmont. On the other hand, she marks her displeasure by intimating that she cannot hold diplomatic relations with the court of Turin. She is, in fact, waiting to see what will turn up, and, for the present, is determined to hold her own firmly and not interfere with her neighbors. She makes no changes in her internal policy. She clings convulsively to Venetia, and she

is deaf to all the entreaties of the Hungarians. At any moment her sullen indignation against Sardinia might turn into open enmity; and she could never want an excuse for a war. In the despatch announcing her intention to abstain from invading Central Italy she takes occasion to complain of the intrigues of Sardinia in Venetia. These Sardinian intrigues are not likely to cease. Every Venetian who wishes to share the happy fate of his neighboring brethren in Lombardy is considered by the Austrian police as a Sardinian intriguer, and the whole population is therefore mixed up in the crime. But the question on which the immediate peace of Europe depends is not what Austria might feel inclined to do, but what she will do. The most conflicting conjectures are loudly announced. Some guessers announce that she and Naples will soon crush Piedmont; others think that she will soon be rent asunder by a great internal revolution, and the outbreak of a few enthusiastic students at Pesth has been accepted by a portion of the French press as "the beginning of the end." In calculating the chances of peace and of such a restoration of confidence as is compatible with the existence of the French empire, it is of the greatest importance to get at the truth about Austria. If she is prevented from interference in Italy by fear of France, and if she can keep her own subjects from revolting, further complications in the state of Europe may be for a time suspended. Many things tend to inspire the belief that she is too exhausted and too vulnerable to provoke a foreign war, and yet that she is too strong to be in any serious danger from a Hungarian revolution.

After the peace of Villafranca, Austria appeared inclined to make concessions to Hungary. The patent of September, bestowing a new religious organization on the Protestants, was a present after an imperial pattern, but still it was meant as a gift that might be gratefully received. The cabinet of Vienna had been heartily frightened during the war, and thought Hungary too dangerous a tool in the hands of a foreign enemy not to try to take a little of the edge off by a harmless and unimportant concession. The Hungarians, however, had had their hopes excited by the alliance of Louis Napoleon with their exiled countrymen, and they thought that their true policy was to accept nothing short of the restoration of their old constitution. A strong national feeling showed itself, and demonstrations were made throughout the country. Austria allowed this to go on until the course of events in Italy convinced her that she must, for the present, abandon all intention of ac-

tive operations or political influence beyond the Po. If she could have governed Italy once more through the dukes, she would have had to keep large bodies of troops in readiness to support her vassals, and then it would have served her purpose to smile on Hungary. But, directly she had come to the conclusion that she could do nothing more in Italy than entrench herself behind the Quadrilateral, she determined to press with her whole weight on Hungary. She has resumed all the arts, great and small, by which despotic governments keep down turbulent subjects. She keeps a large armed force always ready, and she descends to the pettiest annoyances that a police practised in torturing on a small scale can suggest. The house of one of the first of Hungarian nobles has been broken open and his papers seized. A violinist has been forbidden to give concerts because he performed the national air. A singer has been imprisoned for chanting the praises of an article so detestably French as crinoline; and a journal has been warned for having described how a lady at a ball wore a veil of Magyar fashion. The Hungarians are obliged to yield. The wisest of them know that they have no hope in an appeal to arms. The insurrection of 1848 was on the point of failing at the outset, till Görgey began the splendid campaign which carried him without a break from the Theiss to Komorn; and now the Hungarians have no arms. They are also without any centre of revolt. They know that if they are successful they must be severed from Austria. The history of 1849 shows that if they do not get a foreign prince as sovereign, they will pass through a republican anarchy to a military despotism. But it is a very difficult thing to conduct a revolution on behalf of an indefinite foreign prince. The leaders of the Hungarians, therefore, counsel nothing but a passive resistance. They will not help Austria in the task of keeping Hungary down, but they will not give her the great advantage of a pretext for violence. Their countrymen are instructed to do nothing more than throw every possible difficulty in the way of the government. They are to pay taxes as reluctantly and as late as possible. They are to cultivate the best possible relations with Croats and Servians. They are to decline every overture made by Austria for the creation of a representative council intended to replace the old constitution. But for open and direct action they are to wait until the signal is given by a foreign power.

European revolutions have, in fact, entered on a new phase. Experience has convinced the dissatisfied that purely domestic outbreaks usually tend to the profit of the

reigning power. An ally, with a recognized position in Europe and a standing and practised army, is looked on as the first condition of success. The insurgents have thus the great advantage of fighting under the shelter of veteran troops, of obtaining arms in abundance, and of keeping in abeyance the difficult question of the future government of the country until its liberation has been effected. And at the very time when this lesson has become established in the minds of the revolutionary leaders, a power has come forward to inspire a general hope that, sooner or later, foreign aid will not be wanting to those who have the disposition to revolt. Louis Napoleon is the great patron and head of the revolutionary party. It is for him that Hungary is waiting. The Hungarian leaders are determined to keep quiet until a French flag is flying at Pesth. They firmly believe that they will receive the direct assistance of France before long. They look back to the time when, after the victory of Wagram, Napoleon invited the Hungarians to declare themselves independent and elect a king of their own, and they expect that the invitation will be renewed by Napoleon III. They consider themselves as one great link in a chain of revolutionary states that France is to create and patronize, and which will extend from the borders of France to the eastern limits of Europe. She has already snatched Lombardy from Austria, and called the Danubian principalities into a sort of national existence. Venetia and Hungary lie between, and Venetia and Hungary are ready to revolt whenever France permits them. The most noticeable fact of present continental politics is this connection of France under Louis Napoleon with the revolutionary party. On the one hand, it has changed the temper and the whole purpose of those who wish to revolt. They now trust not to insurrection, but to war, and the completeness of the organization by which all useless political manifestations have been suppressed since the emperor of the French has brought the discontented subjects of his neighbors to look on him as their liberator, is most remarkable. On the other hand, the influence which Louis Napoleon thus gains in Europe is daily increasing. He will soon hold Austria completely in his grasp. Two-thirds of the population of the Central State of Europe are gradually learning to look to France as the Greeks in the Ottoman empire look to Russia. This is a much more serious danger to Austria, and to the general balance of power, than any that was threatened in 1848. And yet it is a danger that is much easier to comprehend than to guard against. It is impossible that the present

dynasty of Austria should make any changes that would content Italy and Hungary, and minor concessions are rejected with contempt. All Austria has to trust to is the chapter of accidents. It is possible that she may last longer than the French empire, and it is possible that Louis Napoleon may be kept in check by England or Russia. But these are very vague chances. What is certain is, that the great majority of the subjects of Austria are only waiting to revolt until France declares war, and that Austria evidently shrinks from meeting France in the field of battle.

From The Saturday Review, 24 March.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

If one asks a Frenchman of good sense and political knowledge what would happen if the present emperor were suddenly to disappear from the scene, he will answer, in all probability, that it is quite impossible to say—that France is a country of surprises, and that no imaginable occurrence would astonish him. In collecting, under the above heading, a few concluding remarks, we do not intend to prophesy, any more than we have done in the previous papers of this series. We shall merely touch upon various possibilities, and gather some observations which may be useful to those whose speculations take a bolder flight.

The first step in any calculation of the horoscope of France must be to estimate the strength of the partisans of the various competitors for power, although it must be remembered that the vast majority—the hundreds of thousands who give such solidity, as it has to the present government—are, properly speaking, of no party. They accept accomplished facts, and limit their energy to the occupation of the hour. Imperialists, today, they may be Orleanists or Republicans to-morrow. It may sound like a paradox, but there is really no Imperialist party. When we expressed, on one occasion, our surprise at not meeting any one who was an adherent of the present government from conviction, some one in the company remarked—"Le parti Imperialiste—c'est Persigny." This is really true. Flatterers there are, enough and to spare; and there are whole classes, as we have seen, who for the moment submit, with great equanimity, to the rule of Napoleon III. But his power has no roots amongst the thinking men of the nation. When we have counted over M. Laity, and some dozen more, we have exhausted the list of those who are known to the public as sincerely attached to the emperor.

The claims of the house of Orleans are

supported by the bulk of the intelligence of the country, but the most diverse opinions prevail as to the chances of those claims being ever translated into possession. Many say that the Comte de Paris, although possessed of all the qualities which would become an heir to the throne, has a want of that "initiative" which is necessary to a successful pretender. Others, who have had excellent opportunities of judging, have assured us that this is quite a mistake, and that under a demeanor in every way suitable to his years and his position, he conceals great firmness and energy. The sons of Louis Philippe have a difficult part to play. If they were to put themselves too much forward, they would be called intriguers, while acting as they do, they must bear the reproach of being rather "Orleanists than Orleanses"—just as before the Revolution of 1848 people said "they are indifferent princes but excellent public functionaries."

The Comte de Chambord has still many friends in the provinces, and even in Paris; but the strength of the Legitimist party has been very much diminished, in some of the districts where it was once most powerful by the long abstention of the landed proprietors from taking part in public affairs. The result in some parts of the country, and more especially in Brittany, has been enormously to increase the power of the clergy, who, unhesitatingly threw their influence into the Imperialists' scale when it seemed probable that Louis Napoleon was about to prove himself the most faithful of the sons of the Church. A large section of the Legitimists has gone over in a body to the present government. Some have done this like the Duc de Mortemart, from fear of anarchy—others from love of absolutism—others, again, to keep out the Orleanists—while a few, it is to be feared, and amongst them at least one great name, have been simply bought. The variety of Legitimist which one encounters at Paris is in favor of Henri V., with a constitution or a monarchy after the English fashion, in so far as the absence of a real aristocracy will permit any thing of the kind. We suspect, however, that in the country it is still possible to find the representatives of the "real old bats of bigotry," who came back in 1815, to the tune of—

"Chapeau bas—Chapeau bas!
Gloire au Marquis de Carabas."

We have already indicated our opinions as to the chances of the Republican party, but we may add that many of those who were conscientious Republicans in 1848 have come round to acknowledge that in the present state of education and feeling in France, a Republic such as they would fain see, is

quite impossible. A Republic implies Republicans, and Republicans imply virtue. Is it for those to whom Béranger chanted with so much acceptance his religion of the *caberet* to masquerade in the grave costume of self-governing citizens? The Republic of February, 1848, was a vast sham, the holowness of which none felt more keenly than many who acted in it "Il paraît," said a church dignitary when a shower interrupted the procession in which he was advancing to bless a tree of liberty, "que notre bon Dieu n'est pas fort republicain."

Republican in opinion so far as they are politicians at all, but far more interested in social questions, the vast masses of the workmen in the towns stand apart from all these sections; and their isolation daily becomes more dangerous, because the system of absolutism which Louis Napoleon has inaugurated, by cutting off the chain which in free states connects the rank and file of the movement party with their natural leaders—who will ever be the more advanced and daring minds of the upper classes—increases the suspicions which they feel towards those above them, and makes the difficulty of settling the relations of the poor and rich in France increasingly great. If the Republic of February, 1848, was a sham, the revolt of June was a palpable reality.

If, passing from the state of parties in France, we enumerate the principal signs of national decay and of national prosperity which most strike us, we shall find that the good and the evil symptoms very nearly balance each other. First, on the wrong side of the account, we may remark the decided check which has been given of late years to the increase of population in France, and which in the circumstances of the country cannot fail to put it in a disadvantageous position with regard to other nations. Next, we have the bitterly factious spirit which is exhibited by all parties. This had full course during the latter years of Louis Philippe, and up to the *coup d'état*. Now, although it cannot show itself in public, it is not less alive. The violence of the language which Frenchmen use in speaking of political opponents is very strange to an ear accustomed to the conventional phrases of English parliamentary discussion. With us, conservatives and liberals meet around the same table. Beyond the channel, the lines of social demarcation run parallel with those of politics.

The extreme levity with which the opposition assailed the government of Louis Philippe will never be forgotten by the generation which witnessed it, and must give rise to serious anxieties for the future. M. Lamartine himself may be taken as the typ-

ical example of this levity. When the *Histoire des Girondins* was the subject of discussion in every salon in Paris, and was working up the masses to a state of frenzy, a gentleman said to M. Lamartine—"But are you really sure that you have given a true view of the actors in the first Revolution? Royer Collard said, you know of these people, 'Pour parler simplement et franchement ce n'était qu'une canaille.'" "Pardon, monsieur," was the rejoinder, "c'était une canaille qui n'était ni simple ni franche." Well might the other observe, as he turned away, "I will use your *mot* to refute your book."

The reaction against the views of the eighteenth century has taken a turn in France, which is also calculated to make us grave. The so-called *Parti Catholique* contains many persons for whom we have the greatest respect, but we cannot but feel that those crowded churches, those more strictly observed festivals, are indications of a movement which is more likely to turn to the profit of the ultramontane than of the moderate party.

We have already alluded to envy as the master sin of modern France. The passion for equality is nothing but its expression. For this, political liberty, and all that makes a nation great, is sacrificed to secure a result which reminds one of the jocular reading of the inscription on the coins of the Republic—"Liberté de faire du mal, égalité de misère, fraternité de Cain et Abel." One of the results of that social liberty which Mr. Bright praised in words which called forth a burst of disgust from the House of Commons, is that in France there is no longer respect for any thing. The Revolution did not merely destroy the privileges of rank—it sapped the reverence for all superiorities. Who is there now in any party who is a leader in virtue of his own merit? What centres of resistance are there if any one, whether demagogue or military adventurer, once seizes the wheel which sets the administrative machine in motion?

Another ominous feature of French society is the uncertainty of the relations between private individuals and the government. Here all things go on smoothly. A political trial is the rarest thing in the world. In France, on the contrary, half the people one meets have been in prison, or are in a fair way of finding themselves there. There are really few men of eminence in the country who have not been compromised with one régime or another in the last thirty years. A nearly allied phenomenon is the wonderful mutability of social position. We knew a teacher of languages who had founded a club of democratic conciliation in the Tuileries.

M. Lamartine's own fate is only an exaggeration of what has happened to thousands. Well may we say of him, "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning." If a random shot had struck him in front of the *Hôtel de Ville* when he calmed the excited multitude in the crisis of the February revolution, he would have gone down to posterity as one of the greatest names in history. Few climbed so high, few have sunk so low; but everywhere there is overthrow and reversal. Everywhere it has been, "Hodie mihi, cras tibi."

The pettiness of the tactics adopted by many members of the Liberal Opposition is not a hopeful sign. It is not by the allusions of M. Ampère, or by the stings of M. Prévost-Paradol, that freedom will be won back for the eloquent tongues and the ready pens of France. Such things may give increased delicacy to a language which is already inferior to none in its elegance and point, but they will do little more. The Orleansists especially have been perpetrating, in these last three months, one blunder after another. M. Villemain's pamphlet is almost a calamity.

There are many other topics on which we would fain touch if space permitted. The want of education in the lowest ranks—the corruption of the schools which are resorted to by the higher classes—the contempt for human life—the immorality of the middle class—the powerlessness of individuals to obtain justice against the government—are a few of those which we had set down as worthy of notice.

There are undoubtedly great restorative forces in France. There is immense material wealth which a more enlightened commercial system will enormously develop. There are vast breadths of uncultivated land which only require a judicious expenditure of capital to make them extremely profitable. If the conjugal tie is much laxer than in England, the relations between parents and children are probably on a better footing. There is in the saner minds a growing disgust at the military spirit—at the rabid worship of the "tambour"—which is the curse of the nation. The second empire has done much to make hateful the bloody memories of the first. "How could we help being worshippers of the first Napoleon," said one who had lived to have his eyes opened. "Our school-books were stuffed with his praises, although they were composed under another dynasty. I well remember standing in the Place Vendôme with my eyes full of tears as the procession passed with the body of that wretch, which should have been left upon the dunghill!" To the honor of Lamartine be it remembered that he protested more loudly than any against the folly of the

Prince de Joinville and his fellow-dupes. He saw what few then did see—that, in the words of the motto to the *Ides Napoléoniennes*, it was “not only the ashes, but the ideas of the emperor which were being brought back.”

It has been remarked, and with great truth, that the heaviest blow which ever fell upon France was the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The elimination of the Protestant element, which would, in the natural order of things, have leavened all thought and brought about a change in Church and State without the paroxysm of 1789, lulled her rulers into false security till all crashed down together. We have not been able to gather that Protestantism has any great career before it in France. The Broad Church party is becoming gradually stronger within its pale, but we could not learn that it was at all encroaching on Catholicism, although a well-known historian once considerably oversteated the case when, in answer to a timid question upon this subject from an English clergyman, he replied—“Le Protestantisme—il n'existe plus.”

We have some reason to believe that any political change which might emancipate, to some extent, the French curés from the iron control of the episcopate, would be followed in some quarters by symptoms of dissatisfaction with Roman opinions of a very marked kind, which would take neither the turn of Protestantism nor of Voltairian infidelity. Such instances of protest would, however, be seen only here and there. M. Renan was himself brought up by the Jesuits, who, it is said, would have refused him nothing which their influence could obtain, if they could have purchased his vast knowledge and marvellous abilities.

Amongst the better influences in French society, we must reckon the great endurance and strength of their friendships. It is not an unheard-of thing for people who are intimate to visit each other every day for twenty years together. It is gratifying also to observe, that the highest class, which, before their troubles came upon them, was so corrupt, is now very much the reverse. Any thing more utterly unlike the society which is described in French novels than the better circles in Paris, it is impossible to conceive. The ease with which commanding ability asserts itself, and the warm welcome which is given to it even by the most exclusive, is also a healthy sign. When a boy has acquired the rudiments of education, he can, by attending, first, the courses of lectures at the Sorbonne, and then those of the Collège de France, and the *Jardin des Plantes*, obtain a first-rate education absolutely without expense.

Such are some of the more cheerful tokens. We cannot say that we have succeeded in satisfying our own mind as to whether the prospects of France are, on the whole, good or bad. No one can be much in Paris without hearing both views supported with great vigor and ability. As to the near future, there is one consideration which makes all speculation of but little importance. At this moment the army holds in its hands the destinies of France. If Napoleon III. were suddenly to leave the stage, every thing would depend on the political sentiments and personal character of the general who commanded in Paris. The Duke of Magenta is, they say, Legitimist. The Duke of Malakhooff is, or was, Orleanist. Other marshals, we are told, would fight a battle for the prince imperial. To such small calculations are those reduced who would guess the fate of the great French nation. Of course, it is possible that the present emperor may live long, and quietly hand down his power to his successor. If so, he must alter his system of government, or France will sink behind her European rivals and become, in all but mere military strength, a second-rate power.

From The Saturday Review, 24 March.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA.

ENGLAND could once boast of a prince who was the first gentleman in Europe. At the present day, we may more legitimately congratulate ourselves upon the fact that our future sovereign is receiving an education of almost unprecedented variety and completeness. Not the least among Queen Victoria's many titles to the respect and gratitude of her subjects is the watchful sagacity with which the heir-apparent is being prepared for the momentous responsibilities which are one day to devolve upon him. The Prince of Wales has every opportunity of becoming one of the best-informed men of his day. He is seeing the cities and manners of many men; his name is enrolled among the students of more than one great seat of learning; all that is fairest in art, and most curious in science—the latest result of philosophy, the nicest adjustment of mechanism—has been pressed into the service of rousing the inquisitiveness and enlarging the understanding of the royal scholar. Nothing has been spared which could tend to demonstrate how serious and how interesting a matter life is, and how far too valuable it is to be wasted upon unintelligent pleasures, or suffered to pass away in the splendid frivolities that too often have made up the sum of court existence.

It is but simple justice that princes in their youth should enjoy some exceptional

advantages, by way of compensation for the serious drawbacks which social eminence entails. Montaigne says that he is lost in astonishment that monarchs should be capable of sustaining their burden of dignity; and the difficulty must be all the greater from the fact that they are, from the necessity of the case, deprived of almost all that moral discipline of struggle, hope, and disappointment, which forms the most valuable portion of the training of ordinary mortals. The great tasks of life are ready done to their hand—its noblest prizes are already within their grasp. There must be an enervating consciousness of having nothing to work or hope for, and little to fear. They start so near the winning-post that the pleasurable and healthy excitement of the race is entirely lost. Then, again, habitual ceremony must dangerously enhance the difficulty of social intercourse. A king may, no doubt, have his occasions of familiarity, but they must be the exception and not the rule, and the constant bias of his mental habits must be in an opposite direction. It is not every monarch who possesses sufficient versatility to pass, like Frederick the Great, from the dull rigidities of court etiquette to the philosophic enjoyment of pipes, beer, and conversation. There is a sort of isolation in greatness which must make it almost impossible for a man to know either himself or the world about him. It is by the rude contact of actual experience that we get to know life, and in this a prince is forbidden to participate. The smiles of courtiers, the obsequiousness of attendants, one fine pageant succeeding to another, the apparent profusion which reigns around, and the entire absence of all the little worries of existence, must tend, one would imagine, to produce a pleasing but dangerous illusion as to the real state of things. The streams of truth reach a royal ear in feeble volume and diluted quality; existence is seen through a rose-colored medium, and the rude tones of suffering or discontent are apt to lose half their harshness as they pass within the doors of a palace. It was not mere constitutional indifference that suffered Louis XVI. to amuse himself calmly with his hunt or his workshop while Paris was starving at his doors, and the storm-cloud of revolution was ready to burst over his head. When a great queen, we are told, once travelled through her dominions, the solicitude of her minister erected artificial villages here and there expressly for the occasion, to relieve the desolate monotony which would otherwise have been too painfully apparent. The future king of England is allowed to pass his youth in no such unreal and unhealthy atmosphere. He is thrown into positions where he must stand

face to face with life; and the intended visit to Canada announced in the Duke of Newcastle's despatch to the House of Assembly can scarcely fail to prove a valuable addition to the stock of experience already acquired. It will call his attention, more than any of the scenes of which he has as yet been a witness, to the study of his fellow-men. It will force him to take notice of national characteristics, and to trace the same national tastes and tendencies under varied circumstances of climate, custom, and government. It will convince him of the many nice shades of difference in opinion and sentiment which separate each section of the human community from all the rest, and of the absolute necessity of making allowance for them if we would argue about mankind with correctness, or calculate with precision the effect of any influences that may be brought to bear upon it. Such distinctions are none the less real because they are sometimes too subtle to be expressed in words, and the inability to appreciate them has been among the most fatal stumbling-blocks at which royalty has so often tripped and fallen. To make exactly the right allowance for them is one great secret of statecraft, and the prince could nowhere learn the lesson to greater advantage than among the two curiously heterogeneous, and in some respects contrasted, communities of which the Canadian nation consists. For those communities have, almost during the prince's own lifetime, passed through nearly every variety of political vicissitude. There has been the smouldering of discontent, the wild blaze of rebellion, the reaction of patriotism, the steady growth of affectionate loyalty. There has been financial embarrassment, with its attendant train of miseries; there have been strong remedial measures, the actual operation of which the prince will have the benefit of observing; and there has been commercial enterprise grandly conceived and vigorously carried out, of which the great work whose opening his visit will inaugurate is but a single, though perhaps the most remarkable, instance. Everywhere there has been change, effort, progress—evils met by their proper cure, causes leading to an immediate result.

If royalty is to go to school, where, better than in such a country, could the lessons be learnt which are most valuable to a prince? The retrospect is one which every Englishman must regard with the utmost satisfaction. Canada stands side by side with the United States, a memorial of successful, as contrasted with foolish, legislation. The one reminds us how much may be effected by timely, liberal, and considerate measures of concession—the other, now that every animosity has died away, remains a useful warn-

ing to statesmen of the dangers of a violent and obstinate policy. Nothing could look less promising than the Canadian provinces at the commencement of the present reign. All those political passions which had been at work in the mother country had begun to agitate our dependencies. The fever of the reform movement was felt in every portion of the body politic; a stream of disaffected Irish was constantly swelling the ranks of the malcontents; and the agitation of religious partisans added fuel to the fire. A serious derangement of commerce aggravated the dangers of the crisis, and every symptom of outbreak found plenty of sympathy across the American frontier. Then came the actual collision of arms—demonstrations and counter-demonstrations, the oath of devotion, the cap of liberty—all the accustomed machinery of revolution with which Europe was already too familiar. The energy of a few vigorous commanders struck down the growing rebellion with two or three decisive blows; and the sagacious moderation of parliament determined upon measures under which Canada is fast rising into settled prosperity, and has become honorably conspicuous among our colonial possessions for a devoted loyalty to the mother country. In 1838, Lord Durham, in one of his despatches, dwelt in the strongest terms upon the mortifying contrast which the Canadian

provinces offered to the energetic prosperity of the neighboring states. There were, for example, only fifteen miles of railroad in the whole country; and the other departments of commercial enterprise were in a correspondingly inactive condition. The supply of emigrants had, owing to the disturbed state of the country, fallen to a mere fraction of its usual amount. The animosities of race burnt high, and national affairs were conducted with a scandalous disregard of the public interest. Distress and discontent were prevalent alike in every section of society. Far different and far brighter will be the state of things to which the Canadians will now be able to invite the attention of their royal visitor. Its moral, we are sure, will not be offered to an unheeding ear. He will wonder at the triumphs of energy, and skill, and daring which will everywhere meet his view. He will see how social prosperity is fast obliterating the memories of a painful past; and as he receives from every quarter the affectionate homage of loyalty and respect, he will understand how great a dignity and how serious a responsibility it is to be successor of a sovereign whose goodness and wisdom have endeared her even to the distant dependencies of her empire, and whose reign has been marked by so large an increase of patriotic sentiment and material prosperity.

The epistolary literature of Germany has received an important addition. Fräulein Ludmilla Ossing, the niece of the late Varnhagen von Ense, has edited "Letters of Alexander von Humboldt to Varnhagen von Ense, from 1827 to 1858: with Extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters of Varnhagen and others to Humboldt." Varnhagen, for nearly half a century, was Humboldt's intimate friend and adviser; to him, without reserve, he made known his literary and court life experiences, as well as the bitter feelings which the latter but too often awakened in him. The book, in this respect, is of an intense interest. Outspoken, never sparing, dealing blows in every (even the highest) direction,—full of anecdote, gossip, and scandal,—it forms a merciless commentary upon the doings of the reactionary party in Prussia; the more merciless, as it falls from the smiling lips of the sage who, for the last quarter of a century, condescended to parade a chamberlain's key. Who would have expected sarcasms and popular notions like these from the Philosopher of the Court of *Sans-souci*? No wonder that the aris-

toocracy is enraged: that the government papers speak of the *mélisance* and *commérage* of two old men in their dotage; that the democrats chuckle; that everybody is taken by surprise. The book has fallen like a shell into the stagnant puddle of the Prussian regency. The Berlin police has seized it, and the fair editor is threatened with a political lawsuit; although, in giving publicity to these papers, she has only acted as executrix of the last wishes of Humboldt, as well as of Varnhagen.

REMARKABLE MOVEMENT IN TURKEY.—*The Missionary Herald* for April contains a letter from a Dr. Shaufler, dated Constantinople, 16th November last, which speaks of a remarkable religious movement among the Turks. A new sect has started up, under the lead of a doctor of Mahometan theology and lecturer in a theological school, which holds doctrines closely resembling those of Protestant Christians. The sect already numbers about ten thousand, and many thousands sympathize with them who have not actually joined them.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE LAST SKETCH.

NOT many days since I went to visit a house where in former years I had received many a friendly welcome. We went in to the owner's—an artist's—studio. Prints, pictures, and sketches hung on the walls as I had last seen and remembered them. The implements of the painter's art were there. The light which had shone upon so many, many hours of patient and cheerful toil, poured through the northern window upon print and bust, lay figure and sketch, and upon the easel before which the good, the gentle, the beloved Leslie labored. In this room the busy brain had devised, and the skilful hand executed, I know not how many of the noble works which have delighted the world with their beauty and charming humor. Here the poet called up into pictorial presence, and informed with life, grace, beauty, infinite friendly mirth, and wondrous naturalness of expression, the people of whom his dear books told him the stories,—his Shakspeare, his Cervantes, his Molière, his Le Sage. There was his last work on the easel—a beautiful, fresh, smiling shape of Titania, such as his sweet, guileless fancy imagined the *Midsummer Night's* queen to be. Gracious and pure and bright, the sweet smiling image glimmers on the canvas. Fairy elves, no doubt, were to have been grouped around their mistress in laughing clusters. Honest Bottom's grotesque head and form are indicated as reposing by the side of the consummate beauty. The darkling forest would have grown around them, with the stars glittering from the midsummer sky: the flowers at the queen's feet, and the boughs and foliage about her, would have been peopled with gambolling sprites and fays. They were dwelling in the artist's mind no doubt, and would have been developed by that patient, faithful, admirable genius: but the busy brain stopped working, the skilful hand fell lifeless, the loving, honest heart ceased to beat. What was she to have been—that fair Titania—when perfected by the patient skill of the poet, who in imagination saw the sweet, innocent figure, and with tender courtesy and caresses, as it were, posed and shaped and traced the fair form? Is there record kept anywhere of fancies conceived, beautiful, unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light? If our bad, unspoken thoughts are registered against us, and are written in the awful account, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty, charity, which pass through the breast, and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance, too? A few weeks more,

and this lovely offspring of the poet's conception would have been complete—to charm the world with its beautiful mirth. May there not be some sphere unknown to us where it may have an existence? They say our words, once out of our lips, go traveling in *omne ævum*, reverberating forever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has Been, why not the Might Have Been?

Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works which at present we see, and our minds to behold and delight in masterpieces which poets' and artists' minds have fathered and conceived only.

With a feeling much akin to that with which I looked upon the friend's—the admirable artist's—unfinished work, I can fancy many readers turning to these—the last pages which were traced by Charlotte Brontë's hand. Of the multitude that has read her books, who has not known and deplored the tragedy of her family, her own most sad and untimely fate? Which of her readers has not become her friend? Who that has known her books has not admired the artist's noble English, the burning love of truth, the bravery, the simplicity, the indignation at wrong, the eager sympathy, the pious love and reverence, the passionate honor, so to speak, of the woman? What a story is that of that family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy northern moors! At nine o'clock at night, Mrs. Gaskell tells, after evening prayers, when their guardian and relative had gone to bed, the three poetesses—the three maidens, Charlotte and Emily and Anne—Charlotte being the “motherly friend and guardian to the other two”—“began, like restless, wild animals, to pace up and down their parlor, ‘making out’ their wonderful stories, talking over plans and projects, and thoughts of what was to be their future life.”

One evening, at the close of 1854, as Charlotte Nicholls sat with her husband by the fire, listening to the howling of the wind about the house, she suddenly said to her husband, “If you had not been with me, I must have been writing now.” She then ran up-stairs, and brought down, and read aloud, the beginning of a new tale. When she had finished, her husband remarked, “The critics will accuse you of repetition.” She replied, “Oh! I shall alter that. I always begin two or three times before I can please myself.” But it was not to be. The trembling little hand was to write no more. The heart, newly awakened to love and happiness, and throbbing with maternal hope, was soon to cease to beat; that intrepid out-

speaker and champion of truth, that eager, impetuous redresser of wrong, was to be called out of the world's fight and struggle, to lay down the shining arms, and to be removed to a sphere where even a noble indignation *cor ulterius nequit lacerare*, and where truth complete, and right triumphant, no longer need to wage war.

I can only say of this lady, *vidi tantum*. I saw her first just as I rose out of an illness from which I had never thought to recover. I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. Twice I recollect she took me to task for what she held to be errors in doctrine. Once about Fielding we had a disputation. She spoke her mind out. She jumped too rapidly to conclusions. (I have smiled at one or two passages in the *Biography*, in which my own disposition or behavior forms the subject of talk.) She formed conclusions that might be wrong, and built up whole theories of character upon them. New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance or affectation with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favorites if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal. Often she seemed to me to be judging the London folk prematurely: but perhaps the city is rather angry at being judged. I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc marching in upon us, and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave me the impression of being a very pure and lofty and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such, in our brief interview, she appeared to me. As one thinks of that life so noble, so lonely—of that passion for truth—of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, prayer; as one reads the necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbed in this one little frame—of this one amongst the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth—this great earth?—this little speck in the infinite universe of God,—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear! As I read this little fragmentary sketch, I think of the rest. Is it? And where is it? Will not the leaf be turned some day, and the story be told? Shall the deviser of the tale somewhere perfect the history of little Emma's griefs and troubles? Shall Titania come forth complete with her sportive court, with the flow-

ers at her feet, the forest around her, and all the stars of summer glittering overhead?

How well I remember the delight, and wonder, and pleasure with which I read *Jane Eyre*, sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me; the strange fascinations of the book; and how with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through! Hundreds of those who, like myself, recognized and admired that master-work of a great genius, will look with a mournful interest and regard and curiosity upon this, the last fragmentary sketch from the noble hand which wrote *Jane Eyre*. W. M. T.

EMMA.

(A FRAGMENT OF A STORY BY THE LATE CHARLOTTE BRONTË.)

CHAPTER I.

WE all seek an ideal in life. A pleasant fancy began to visit me in a certain year, that perhaps the number of human beings is few who do not find their quest at some era of life for some space more or less brief. I had certainly not found mine in youth, though the strong belief I held of its existence sufficed through all my brightest and freshest time to keep me hopeful. I had not found it in maturity. I was become resigned never to find it. I had lived certain dim years entirely tranquil and unexpectant. And now I was not sure but something was hovering round my hearth which pleased me wonderfully.

Look at it, reader. Come into my parlor and judge for yourself whether I do right to care for this thing. First, you may scan me, if you please. We shall go on better together after a satisfactory introduction and due apprehension of identity. My name is Mrs. Chalfont. I am a widow. My house is good, and my income such as need not check the impulse either of charity or a moderate hospitality. I am not young, nor yet old. There is no silver yet in my hair, but its yellow lustre is gone. In my face wrinkles are yet to come, but I have almost forgotten the days when it wore any bloom. I married when I was very young. I lived for fifteen years a life which, whatever its trials, could not be called stagnant. Then for five years I was alone, and, having no children, desolate. Lately, fortune, by a somewhat curious turn of her wheel, placed in my way an interest and a companion.

The neighborhood where I live is pleasant enough, its scenery agreeable, and its society civilized, though not numerous. About a mile from my house there is a ladies' school, established but lately—not more than three years since. The conductresses of this

school were of my acquaintances; and though I cannot say that they occupied the very highest place in my opinion—for they had brought back from some months' residence abroad, for finishing purposes, a good deal that was fantastic, affected, and pretentious—yet I awarded them some portion of that respect which seems the fair due of all women who face life bravely, and try to make their way by their own efforts.

About a year after the Misses Wilcox opened their school, when the number of their pupils was as yet exceedingly limited, and when, no doubt, they were looking out anxiously enough for augmentation, the entrance-gate to their little drive was one day thrown back to admit a carriage—"a very handsome, fashionable carriage," Miss Mabel Wilcox said, in narrating the circumstance afterwards—and drawn by a pair of really splendid horses. The sweep up the drive, the loud ring at the door-bell, the bustling entrance into the house, the ceremonious admission to the bright drawing-room, roused excitement enough in Fuchsia Lodge. Miss Wilcox repaired to the reception-room in a pair of new gloves, and carrying in her hand a handkerchief of French cambric.

She found a gentleman seated on the sofa, who, as he rose up, appeared a tall, fine-looking personage; at least she thought him so, as he stood with his back to the light. He introduced himself as Mr. Fitzgibbon, inquired if Miss Wilcox had a vacancy, and intimated that he wished to intrust to her care a new pupil in the shape of his daughter. This was welcome news, for there was many a vacancy in Miss Wilcox's school-room; indeed, her establishment was as yet limited to the select number of three, and she and her sister were looking forward with any thing but confidence to the balancing of accounts at the close of their first half-year. Few objects could have been more agreeable to her then, than that to which, by a wave of the hand, Mr. Fitzgibbon now directed her attention—the figure of a child standing near the drawing-room window.

Had Miss Wilcox's establishment boasted fuller ranks—had she indeed entered well on that course of prosperity, which in after years an undeviating attention to externals enabled her so triumphantly to realize—an early thought with her would have been to judge whether the acquisition now offered was likely to answer well as a show-pupil. She would have instantly marked her look, dress, etc., and inferred her value from these indicia. In those anxious commencing times, however, Miss Wilcox could scarce afford herself the luxury of such appreciation: a new pupil represented £40 a year, independently of masters' terms—and £40 a year was

a sum Miss Wilcox needed and was glad to secure; besides, the fine carriage, the fine gentleman, and the fine name gave gratifying assurance, enough and to spare, of eligibility in the proffered connection. It was admitted, then, that there were vacancies in Fuchsia Lodge; that Miss Fitzgibbon could be received at once; that she was to learn all that the school prospectus proposed to teach; to be liable to every extra; in short, to be as expensive, and consequently, as profitable a pupil, as any directress' heart could wish. All this was arranged as upon velvet, smoothly and liberally. Mr. Fitzgibbon showed in the transaction none of the hardness of the bargain-making man of business, and as little of the penurious anxiety of the straitened professional man. Miss Wilcox felt him to be "quite the gentleman." Every thing disposed her to be partially inclined towards the little girl whom he, on taking leave, formally committed to her guardianship: and as if no circumstance should be wanting to complete her happy impression, the address left written on a card served to fill up the measure of Miss Wilcox's satisfaction—Conway Fitzgibbon, Esq., May Park, Midland County. That very day three decrees were passed in the new-comer's favor:—

1s. That she was to be Miss Wilcox's bed-fellow.

2nd. To sit next her at table.

3rd. To walk out with her.

In a few days it became evident a fourth secret clause had been added to these; viz, that Miss Fitzgibbon was to be favored, petted, and screened on all possible occasions.

An ill-conditioned pupil, who, before coming to Fuchsia Lodge had passed a year under the care of certain old-fashioned Misses Sterling, of Hartwood, and from them had picked up unpractical notions of justice, took it upon her to utter an opinion on this system of favoritism.

"The Misses Sterling," she injudiciously said, "never distinguished any girl because she was richer or better dressed than the rest. They would have scorned to do so. They always rewarded girls according as they behaved well to their schoolfellows and minded their lessons, not according to the number of their silk dresses, and fine laces and feathers."

For it must not be forgotten that Miss Fitzgibbon's trunk when opened, disclosed a splendid wardrobe; so fine were the various articles of apparel, indeed, that instead of assigning for their accommodation the painted deal drawers of the school bedroom, Miss Wilcox had them arranged in a mahogany bureau in her own room. With her own hands too, she would on Sundays array the

little favorite in her quilted silk pelisse, her hat and feathers, her ermine boa, and little French boots and gloves. And very self-complacent she felt when she led the young heiress (a letter from Mr. Fitzgibbon, received since his first visit, had communicated the additional particulars that his daughter was his only child, and would be the inheritress of his estates, including May Park, Midland County)—when she led her, I say, into the church, and seated her stately by her side at the top of the gallery-pew. Unbiassed observers might, indeed, have wondered what there was to be proud of, and puzzled their heads to detect the special merits of this little woman in silk—for, to speak truth, Miss Fitzgibbon was far from being the beauty of the school: there were two or three blooming little faces amongst her companions lovelier than hers. Had she been a poor child, Miss Wilcox herself would not have liked her physiognomy at all: rather, indeed, would have it repelled than attracted her; and, moreover—though Miss Wilcox hardly confessed the circumstance to herself, but, on the contrary strove hard not to be conscious of it—there were moments when she became sensible of a certain strange weariness in continuing her system of partiality. It hardly came natural to her to show this special distinction in this particular instance. An undefined wonder would smite her sometimes that she did not take more real satisfaction in flattering and caressing this embryo heiress—that she did not like better to have her always at her side, under her especial charge. On principle Miss Wilcox continued the plan she had begun. On principle, for she argued with herself: This is the most aristocratic and richest of my pupils; she brings me the most credit and the most profit: therefore, I ought in justice to show her a special indulgence; which she did—but with a gradually increasing peculiarity of feeling.

Certainly, the undue favors showered on little Miss Fitzgibbon brought their object no real benefit. Unfitted for the character of playfellow by her position of favorite, her fellow-pupils rejected her company as decidedly as they dared. Active rejection was not long necessary; it was soon seen that passive avoidance would suffice; the pet was not social. No: even Miss Wilcox never thought her social. When she sent for her to show her fine clothes in the drawing-room when there was company, and especially when she had her into her parlor of an evening to be her own companion, Miss Wilcox used to feel curiously perplexed. She would try to talk affably to the young heiress, to draw her out, to amuse her. To herself the governess could render no reason why her

efforts soon flagged; but this was invariably the case. However, Miss Wilcox was a woman of courage; and be the *protégée* what she might, the patroness did not fail to continue on principle her system of preference.

A favorite has no friends; and the observation of a gentleman, who about this time called at the Lodge and chanced to see Miss Fitzgibbon, was, "That child looks consummately unhappy:" he was watching Miss Fitzgibbon, as she walked, by herself, fine and solitary, while her schoolfellows were merrily playing.

"Who is the miserable little wight?" he asked.

He was told her name and dignity.

"Wretched little soul!" he repeated; and he watched her pace down the walk and back again; marching upright, her hands in her ermine muff, her fine pelisse showing a gay sheen to the winter's sun, her large Leghorn hat shading such a face as, fortunately, had not its parallel on the premises.

"Wretched little soul!" reiterated this gentleman. He opened the drawing-room window, watched the bearer of the muff till he caught her eye, and then summoned her with his finger. She came; he stooped his head down to her; she lifted her face up to him.

"Don't you play, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"No! why not? Do you think yourself better than other children?"

No answer.

"Is it because people tell you you are rich, you won't play?"

The young lady was gone. He stretched his hand to arrest her, but she wheeled beyond his reach, and ran quickly out of sight.

"An only child," pleaded Miss Wilcox; "possibly spoiled by her papa, you know; we must excuse a little pettishness."

"Humph! I am afraid there is not a little to excuse."

CHAPTER II.

MR. ELLIN—the gentleman mentioned in the last chapter—was a man who went where he liked, and being a gossiping, leisurely person, he liked to go almost anywhere. He could not be rich, he lived so quietly; and yet he must have had some money, for, without apparent profession, he continued to keep a house and a servant. He always spoke of himself as having once been a worker; but if so, that could not have been very long since, for he still looked far from old. Sometimes of an evening, under a little social conversational excitement, he would look quite young; but he was changeable in mood, and complexion, and expression, and had chameleon eyes, sometimes blue and

merry, sometimes gray and dark, and anon green and gleaming. On the whole he might be called a fair man, of average height, rather thin and rather wiry. He had not resided more than two years in the present neighborhood; his antecedents were unknown there; but as the rector, a man of good family and standing, and of undoubted scrupulousness in the choice of acquaintance, had introduced him, he found everywhere a prompt reception, of which nothing in his conduct had yet seemed to prove him unworthy. Some people, indeed, dubbed him "a character," and fancied him "eccentric;" but others could not see the appropriateness of the epithets. He always seemed to them very harmless and quiet, not always perhaps so perfectly unreserved and comprehensible as might be wished. He had a discomposing expression in his eye; and sometimes in conversation an ambiguous diction; but still they believed he meant no harm.

Mr. Ellin often called on the Misses Wilcox; he sometimes took tea with them; he appeared to like tea and muffins, and not to dislike the kind of conversation which usually accompanies that refreshment; he was said to be a good shot, a good angler. He proved himself an excellent gossip—he liked gossip well. On the whole he liked woman's society, and did not seem to be particular in requiring difficult accomplishments or rare endowments in his female acquaintance. The Misses Wilcox, for instance, were not much less shallow than the china saucers which held their teacups; yet Mr. Ellin got on perfectly well with them, and had apparently great pleasure in hearing them discuss all the details of their school. He knew the names of all their young ladies, too, and would shake hands with them if he met them walking out; he knew their examination-days and gala-days, and more than once accompanied Mr. Cecil, the curate, when he went to examine in ecclesiastical history.

This ceremony took place weekly, on Wednesday afternoons, after which Mr. Cecil sometimes stayed to tea, and usually found two or three lady parishioners invited to meet him. Mr. Ellin was also pretty sure to be there. Rumor gave one of the Misses Wilcox in anticipated wedlock to the curate, and furnished his friend with a second in the same tender relation; so that it is to be conjectured they made a social, pleasant party under such interesting circumstances. Their evenings rarely passed without Miss Fitzgibbon being introduced—all worked muslin and streaming sash and elaborated ringlets; others of the pupils would also be called in, perhaps to sing, to show off a little at the piano, or sometimes to repeat poetry. Miss Wilcox conscientiously cultivated dis-

play in her young ladies, thinking she thus fulfilled a duty to herself and to them, at once spreading her own fame and giving the children self-possessed manners.

It was curious to note how, on these occasions, good, genuine natural qualities still vindicated their superiority to counterfeit, artificial advantages. While "dear Miss Fitzgibbon," dressed up and flattered as she was, could only sidle round the circle with the crestfallen air which seemed natural to her, just giving her hand to the guests, then almost snatching it away, and sneaking in unmannerly haste to the place allotted to her at Miss Wilcox's side, which place she filled like a piece of furniture, neither smiling nor speaking the evening through—while such was her deportment, certain of her companions, as Mary Franks, Jessy Newton, etc., handsome, open-countenanced little damsels—fearless because harmless—would enter with a smile of salutation and a blush of pleasure, make their pretty reverence at the drawing-room door, stretch a friendly little hand to such visitors as they knew, and sit down to the piano to play their well-practised duet with an innocent, obliging readiness which won all hearts.

There was a girl called Diana—the girl alluded to before as having once been Miss Sterling's pupil—a daring, brave girl, much loved and a little feared by her comrades. She had good faculties, both physical and mental—was clever, honest, and dauntless. In the schoolroom she set her young brow like a rock against Miss Fitzgibbon's pretensions; she found also heart and spirit to withstand them in the drawing-room. One evening, when the curate had been summoned away by some piece of duty directly after tea, and there was no stranger present but Mr. Ellin, Diana had been called in to play a long, difficult piece of music which she could execute like a master. She was still in the midst of her performance, when—Mr. Ellin having for the first time, perhaps, recognized the existence of the heiress by asking if she was cold—Miss Wilcox took the opportunity of launching into a strain of commendation on Miss Fitzgibbon's inanimate behavior, terming it lady-like, modest, and exemplary. Whether Miss Wilcox's constrained tone betrayed how far she was from really feeling the approbation she expressed, how entirely she spoke from a sense of duty, and not because she felt it possible to be in any degree charmed by the personage she praised—or whether Diana, who was by nature hasty, had a sudden fit of irritability—is not quite certain, but she turned on her music-stool:—

"Ma'am," said she to Miss Wilcox, "that girl does not deserve so much praise. Her

behavior is not at all exemplary. In the schoolroom she is insolently distant. For my part I denounce her airs; there is not one of us but is as good or better than she, though we may not be as rich."

And Diana shut up the piano, took her music-book under her arm, courtiesied, and vanished.

Strange to relate, Miss Wilcox said not a word at the time; nor was Diana subsequently reprimanded for this outbreak. Miss Fitzgibbon had now been three months in the school, and probably the governess had had leisure to wear out her early raptures of partiality.

Indeed, as time advanced, this evil often seemed likely to right itself; again and again it seemed that Miss Fitzgibbon was about to fall to her proper level, but then, somewhat provokingly to the lovers of reason and justice, some little incident would occur to invest her insignificance with artificial interest. Once it was the arrival of a great basket of hothouse fruit—melons, grapes, and pines—as a present to Miss Wilcox in Miss Fitzgibbon's name. Whether it was that a share of these luscious productions was imparted too freely to the nominal donor, or whether she had had a surfeit of cake on Miss Mabel Wilcox's birthday, it so befell, that in some disturbed state of the digestive organs Miss Fitzgibbon took to sleep-walking. She one night terrified the school into a panic by passing through the bedrooms, all white in her nightdress, moaning and holding out her hands as she went.

Dr. Percy was then sent for; his medicines, probably, did not suit the case; for within a fortnight after the somnambulistic feat, Miss Wilcox going up-stairs in the dark, trod on something which she thought was the cat, and on calling for a light, found her darling Matilda Fitzgibbon curled round on the landing, blue, cold, and stiff, without any light in her half-open eyes, or any color in her lips, or movement in her limbs. She was not soon roused from this fit; her senses seemed half scattered; and Miss Wilcox had now an undeniable excuse for keeping her all day on the drawing-room sofa, and making more of her than ever.

There comes a day of reckoning both for petted heiresses and partial governesses.

One clear winter morning, as Mr. Ellin was seated at breakfast, enjoying his bachelor's easy chair and damp, fresh, London newspaper, a note was brought to him marked "private," and "in haste." The last injunction was vain, for William Ellin did nothing in haste—he had no haste in him; he wondered anybody should be so foolish as to hurry; life was short enough without it. He looked at the little note—three-cornered, scented, and feminine. He

knew the handwriting; it came from the very lady Rumor had so often assigned him as his own. The bachelor took out a morocco case, selected from a variety of little instruments a pair of tiny scissors, cut round the seal and read: "Miss Wilcox's compliments to Mr. Ellin, and she should be truly glad to see him for a few minutes, if at leisure. Miss W. requires a little advice. She will reserve explanation till she sees Mr. E."

Mr. Ellin very quietly finished his breakfast; then, as it was a very fine December day—hoar and crisp, but serene, and not bitter—he carefully prepared himself for the cold, took his cane, and set out. He liked the walk; the air was still; the sun not wholly ineffectual; the path firm, and but lightly powdered with snow. He made his journey as long as he could by going round through many fields, and through winding, unfrequented lanes. When there was a tree in the way conveniently placed for support, he would sometimes stop, lean his back against the trunk, fold his arms, and muse. If Rumor could have seen him, she would have affirmed that he was thinking about Miss Wilcox; perhaps when he arrives at the Lodge his demeanor will inform us whether such an idea be warranted.

At last he stands at the door and rings the bell; he is admitted, and shown into the parlor—a smaller and a more private room than the drawing-room. Miss Wilcox occupies it; she is seated at her writing-table; she rises—not without air and grace—to receive her visitor. This air and grace she learnt in France; for she was in a Parisian school for six months, and learnt there a little French, and a stock of gestures and courtesies. No: it is certainly not impossible that Mr. Ellin may admire Miss Wilcox. She is not without prettiness, any more than are her sisters; and she and they are one and all smart and showy. Bright stone-blue is a color they like in dress; a crimson bow rarely fails to be pinned on somewhere to give contrast; positive colors generally—grass-greens, red violets, deep yellows—are in favor with them; all harmonies are at a discount. Many people would think Miss Wilcox, standing there in her blue merino dress and pomegranate ribbon, a very agreeable woman. She has regular features; the nose is a little sharp, the lips a little thin, good complexion, light red hair. She is very business-like, very practical; she never in her life knew a refinement of feeling or of thought; she is entirely limited, respectable, and self-satisfied. She has a cool, prominent eye; sharp and shallow pupil, unshrinking and inexpressive; pale irid; light eyelashes, light brow. Miss Wilcox is a very proper and decorous person, but she

could not be delicate or modest, because she is naturally destitute of sensitiveness. Her voice, when she speaks, has no vibration; her face no expression; her manner no emotion. Blush or tremor she never knew.

"What can I do for you, Miss Wilcox?" says Mr. Ellin, approaching the writing-table, and taking a chair beside it.

"Perhaps you can advise me," was the answer; "or perhaps you can give me some information. I feel so thoroughly puzzled, and really fear all is not right."

"Where? and how?"

"I will have redress if it be possible," pursued the lady; "but how to set about obtaining it! Draw to the fire, Mr. Ellin; it is a cold day."

They both drew to the fire. She continued:—

"You know the Christmas holidays are near?"

He nodded.

"Well, about a fortnight since, I wrote, as it is customary, to the friends of my pupils, notifying the day when we break up, and requesting that, if it was desired that any girl should stay the vacation, intimation should be sent accordingly. Satisfactory and prompt answers came to all the notes except one—that addressed to Conway Fitzgibbon, Esquire, May Park, Midland County—Matilda Fitzgibbon's father, you know."

"What? won't let her go home?"

"Let her go home, my dear sir! you shall hear. Two weeks elapsed, during which I daily expected an answer; none came. I felt annoyed at the delay, as I had particularly requested a speedy reply. This very morning I had made up my mind to write again, when—what do you think the post brought me?"

"I should like to know."

"My own letter—actually my own—returned from the post-office, with an intimation!—but read for yourself."

She handed to Mr. Ellin an envelope; he took from it the returned note and a paper—the paper bore a hastily scrawled line or two. It said, in brief terms, that there was no such place in Midland County as May Park, and that no such person had ever been heard of there as Conway Fitzgibbon, Esquire.

On reading this, Mr. Ellin slightly opened his eyes.

"I hardly thought it was so bad as this," said he.

"What? you did think it was bad then? You suspected that something was wrong?"

"Really! I scarcely knew what I thought or suspected. How very odd, no such place as May Park! The grand mansion, the grounds, the oaks, the deer, vanished clean

away. And then Fitzgibbon himself! But you saw Fitzgibbon—he came in his carriage?"

"In his carriage!" echoed Miss Wilcox; "a most stylish equipage, and himself a most distinguished person. Do you think, after all, there is some mistake?"

"Certainly, a mistake; but when it is rectified I don't think Fitzgibbon or May Park will be forthcoming. Shall I run down to Midland County and look after these two precious objects?"

"Oh! would you be so good, Mr. Ellin? I knew you would be so kind; personal inquiry, you know—there's nothing like it."

"Nothing at all. Meantime, what shall you do with the child—the pseudo-heiress, if pseudo she be? Shall you correct her—let her know her place?"

"I think," responded Miss Wilcox, reflectively—"I think not exactly as yet; my plan is to do nothing in a hurry; we will inquire first. If after all she should turn out to be connected as was at first supposed, one had better not do any thing which one might afterwards regret. No; I shall make no difference with her till I hear from you again."

"Very good. As you please," said Mr. Ellin, with that coolness which made him so convenient a counsellor in Miss Wilcox's opinion. In his dry laconism she found the response suited to her outer worldliness. She thought he said enough if he did not oppose her. The comment he stinted so avaciously she did not want.

Mr. Ellin "ran down," as he said, to Midland County. It was an errand that seemed to suit him; for he had curious predilections as well as peculiar methods of his own. Any secret quest was to his taste; perhaps there was something of the amateur detective in him. He could conduct an inquiry and draw no attention. His quiet face never looked inquisitive, nor did his sleepless eye betray vigilance.

He was away about a week. The day after his return, he appeared in Miss Wilcox's presence as cool as if he had seen her but yesterday. Confronting her with that fathomless face he liked to show her, he first told her he had done nothing.

Let Mr. Ellin be as enigmatical as he would, he never puzzled Miss Wilcox. She never saw enigma in the man. Some people feared, because they did not understand, him; to her it had not yet occurred to begin to spell his nature or analyze his character. If she had an impression about him, it was, that he was an idle but obliging man, not aggressive, of few words, but often convenient. Whether he were clever and deep, or deficient and shallow, close or open, odd or ordinary, she saw no practical end to be an-

answered by inquiry, and therefore did not inquire.

"Why had he done nothing?" she now asked.

"Chiefly because there was nothing to do."

"Then he could give her no information?"

"Not much: only this, indeed—Conway Fitzgibbon was a man of straw; May Park a house of cards. There was no vestige of such man or mansion in Midland County, or in any other shire in England. Tradition herself had nothing to say about either the name or the place. The oracle of old deeds and registers, when consulted, had not responded."

"Who can he be, then, that came here, and who is this child?"

"That's just what I can't tell you:—an incapacity which makes me say I have done nothing."

"And how am I to get paid?"

"Can't tell you that either."

"A quarter's board and education owing, and masters' terms besides," pursued Miss Wilcox. "How infamous! I can't afford the loss."

"And if we were only in the good old times," said Mr. Ellin, "where we ought to be, you might just send Miss Matilda out to the plantations in Virginia, sell her for what she is worth, and pay yourself."

"Matilda, indeed, and Fitzgibbon! A little impostor! I wonder what her real name is?"

"Betty Hodge? Poll Smith? Hannah Jones?" suggested Mr. Ellin.

"Now," cried Miss Wilcox, "give me credit for sagacity! It's very odd, but try as I would—and I made every effort—I never could really like that child. She has had every indulgence in this house; and I am sure I made great sacrifice of feeling to principle in showing her much attention; for I could not make any one believe the degree of antipathy I have all along felt towards her."

"Yes. I can believe it. I saw it."

"Did you? Well—it proves that my discernment is rarely at fault. Her game is up now, however; and time it was. I have said nothing to her yet; but now—"

"Have her in whilst I am here," said Mr. Ellin. "Has she known of this business? Is she in the secret? Is she herself an accomplice, or a mere tool? Have her in."

Miss Wilcox rang the bell, demanded Matilda Fitzgibbon, and the false heiress soon appeared. She came in her ringlets, her sash, and her furbelowed dress adornments—alas! no longer acceptable.

"Stand there!" said Miss Wilcox, sternly, checking her as she approached the hearth.

"Stand there on the further side of the table. I have a few questions to put to you, and your business will be to answer them. And mind—let us have the truth. *We will not endure lies.*"

Ever since Miss Fitzgibbon had been found in the fit, her face had retained a peculiar paleness and her eyes a dark orbit. When thus addressed, she began to shake and blanch like conscious guilt personified.

"Who are you?" demanded Miss Wilcox.

"What do you know about yourself?"

A sort of half-interjection escaped the girl's lips; it was a sound expressing partly fear, and partly the shock the nerves feel when an evil, very long expected, at last and suddenly arrives.

"Keep yourself still, and reply, if you please," said Miss Wilcox, whom nobody should blame for lacking pity, because nature had not made her compassionate.

"What is your name? We know you have no right to that of Matilda Fitzgibbon."

She gave no answer.

"I do insist upon a reply. Speak you shall, sooner or later. So you had better do it at once."

This inquisition had evidently a very strong effect upon the subject of it. She stood as if palsied, trying to speak, but apparently not competent to articulate.

Miss Wilcox did not fly into a passion, but she grew very stern and urgent; spoke a little loud; and there was a dry clamor in her raised voice which seemed to beat upon the ear and bewilder the brain. Her interest had been injured—her pocket wounded—she was vindicating her rights—and she had no eye to see, and no nerve to feel, but for the point in hand. Mr. Ellin appeared to consider himself strictly a looker-on; he stood on the hearth very quiet.

At last the culprit spoke. A low voice escaped her lips. "Oh, my head!" she cried, lifting her hands to her forehead. She staggered, but caught the door and did not fall. Some accusers might have been startled by such a cry—even silenced; not so Miss Wilcox. She was neither cruel nor violent; but she was coarse, because insensible. Having just drawn breath, she went on, harsh as ever.

Mr. Ellin, leaving the hearth, deliberately paced up the room as if he were tired of standing still, and would walk a little for a change. In returning and passing near the door and the criminal, a faint breath seemed to seek his ear, whispering his name—

"O Mr. Ellin!"

The child dropped as she spoke. A curious voice—not like Mr. Ellin's, though it came from his lips—asked Miss Wilcox to cease speaking, and say no more. He gath-

ered from the floor what had fallen on it. She seemed overcome, but not unconscious. Resting beside Mr. Ellin, in a few minutes she again drew breath. She raised her eyes to him.

"Come, my little one; have no fear," said he.

Reposing her head against him, she gradually became re-assured. It did not cost him another word to bring her round; even that strong trembling was calmed by the mere effects of his protection. He told Miss

Wilcox, with remarkable tranquillity, but still with a certain decision, that the little girl must be put to bed. He carried her upstairs, and saw her laid there himself. Returning to Miss Wilcox, he said,—

"Say no more to her. Beware, or you will do more mischief than you think or wish. That kind of nature is very different from yours. It is not possible that you should like it; but let it alone. We will talk more on the subject to-morrow. Let me question her."

INHALATION OF CARBONIC ACID.—According to the experiments made by Drs. Ozanam and Faure of France, the effects of carbonic acid when inhaled as an anæsthetic, resemble those of ether, but are more fugitive; and while it is necessary in the case of ether to interrupt the inhalations after short intervals, an opposite procedure is required for carbonic acid. As long as one wishes the sleep to be prolonged, the inhalations must be continued; these can be prolonged ten, twenty, thirty minutes and more, without danger to life. When the inhalations are stopped, the waking is almost immediate. The experiments of Ozanam and Faure have never resulted in death. When death does take place, it is slow, progressive, and one can predict, for some time in advance, the moment of its arrival by considering the condition of the heart and the pupils. Faure and Ozanam say that they have respired the gas, if not to the point of producing sleep, at least until they felt the first effects. Its taste is slightly piquant, about as pleasant as that of ether, and it is an exciter of the saliva. Ozanam says that the ethers, chloroform, and carbonic oxide determine anæsthesia by robbing the arterial blood of its oxygen, so as to produce carbonic acid, and thus making the blood venous. Carbonic acid itself does not decompose the blood; it removes no vital principal from it; but contributes progressively, and so that it can be graduated at will, the necessary quantity of carbon to determine the insensibility.

THE rumors respecting Mr. Thackeray's engagement on a historical work connected with the Augustan age of Queen Anne, gather force and consistency from their agreement with his favorite line of study, and the desire he expressed when in this country to produce a standard work of this character, if ever he should be removed from the necessity of supplying the insatiable demands of the periodical press. There is no chance that so practised a writer will challenge competition by a direct continuation of a work like Macaulay's History, and the book will unquestionably appear in an independent shape.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The operations for raising the Atlantic cable will be commenced probably in May, at Newfoundland, it being believed that the fault lies three or four miles off the coast, and the expense will not exceed \$10,000, which would be amply covered by the recovery of even a portion of the cable. The second fault is believed to be situated at a distance of not more than one hundred and eighty or two hundred miles (length of cable) from Valencia, instead of two hundred and seventy miles, as previously supposed. The actual distance from the shore to the point in question is presumed to be only about one hundred and sixty miles. It is proposed to manufacture a new cable about one hundred miles long, and to splice it on the part where the main fault exists, previously ascertaining that a perfect communication exists with the shore. Even should the expedition not succeed in its main object of making the cable speak again, a large quantity of the old cable may be recovered.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY is engaged in a work that will be interesting to all lovers of poetry. It is a complete collection of "The Jacobite Minstrelsy of Scotland," and will be issued by Messrs. Griffin and Co. of London and Glasgow. The Ettrick Shepherd's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," has grown to be among the scarcest of modern books, though published in 1819-21, and \$30 was lately paid in this city for a copy of the two volumes, 8vo., so that the field is open for a classical book on these genuine outpourings of loyalty and nationality, which are free from the suspicion of modern "literary cookery," that seems gathering around the older ballad favorites of the Scottish muse.

It is said that Rosa Bonheur has not only received an offer of the most liberal kind to go to the United States and paint a picture of a herd of wild buffaloes, but has received an offer of marriage from the same hand. Whether the latter is accepted as well as the former is not yet known.

Part of a Letter from Paris to the Athenæum.
COULON.

LET me collect some interesting details about a man who was well known in Paris, in the time of Louis the Eighteenth. He died lately in the Rue St.-Honoré.

"Dear me! Père Coulon is removing!" exclaimed a neighbor, as a funeral procession passed.—"His wife has not had to wait long for him," said another; "it is scarcely a fortnight since she died." This was all the funeral oration of Père Coulon. He and his wife, however, had made some noise in Parisian society. Eugène Coulon was born towards the end of the last century, and was the son of a provincial chemist. He came to Paris in order to study medicine, but he possessed great talents as a mimic, and in this way made his fortune.

Coulon had been recommended to Alibert, by whom he was much liked, and whom he often accompanied in his visits to his patients and to his hospital. Alibert sometimes exercised his art in a singular manner. At his hospital he would occasionally stand at the door of a ward, glance at all the beds, and, without entering, point to each occupant, one after the other, saying, *Ipéca, ipéca, ipéca*, as many times as there were beds in the room. And *ipececuanha* was given to every patient. At the next ward he would do the same thing, only changing the remedy. Coulon was so thoroughly master of the peculiarities of Alibert that he, too, would sometimes show himself at the door of a ward, and, imitating the voice, the face, and the manner of his patron, would say—*ipéca, ipéca, ipéca*; so that, when Alibert himself arrived, the nurses would say—"Doctor, you have already paid your visit,"—and Alibert would depart, astonished that he had forgotten the fact. It was the duty of Alibert every day to dress the legs of the king, Louis the Eighteenth. And what a duty! How much courage and delicacy were necessary to perform the painful task. Yet the post of first surgeon to the king was much coveted; gifts, orders, honors were bestowed on him; but Alibert, in return, was able to bring resolution, perseverance, and science, to his aid, and filled his post honorably. During this daily operation, Alibert was accustomed to have the assistance of a young doctor, who stood at his side, and held on a silver tray the necessary bandages, ointments, etc. This young doctor was Coulon.

The king had taken a liking for him. Coulon was—like his friend and patron—a satirist and philosopher; besides which, Alibert had mentioned to his majesty the peculiar talent of the young assistant for imitation, a proof of which its possessor im-

mediately gave by mimicking his master behind his back. Louis the Eighteenth shouted with laughter, and, from that time, Coulon was every day called upon to shorten the tedious, and sometimes painful operations of the surgeon by his genius for mimicry. He found plenty of practice amongst the courtiers and court ladies in attendance, or waiting for audience, whom he encountered on his way to the king's chamber. His majesty would ask him whom he had met, and Coulon, without answering, would copy face, gesture, and walk of each person. "Ah! yes," the king would exclaim, laughing, "that is very good; there is M. Lainé,—that is M. de Cazès,—the Duchess de Blacas,—M. de Serres." And he would laugh till he cried.

Coulon had not much taste for medicine, and abandoned its practice,—nothing remaining to him of his former profession but the daily visit to Louis the Eighteenth. He was necessary to the king: he was still more necessary to Alibert. Some one at court one day asked Alibert who the young man was who always accompanied him: "He is nine-tenths of my talent, and the whole of my science," replied he. Sometimes, on being questioned by the king as to whom he had met, Coulon would not answer, and would affect embarrassment, by way of explaining that he did not dare to copy the persons he had seen. "Go on, go on," the king would say; "I follow any thing to you." Then Coulon gave imitations of the princes and princesses of the royal family. But he was a good courtier. He mimicked the elder branch with reservations; but on meeting a prince or princess of the younger he kept back nothing, but gave his talent full play. He was particularly successful with the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe, who, on meeting him one day in the Tuileries, said—"Monsieur Coulon, you imitate me wonderfully. I was enabled to judge for myself yesterday. One small detail is alone wanting for the completion of the portrait; but that, to an artist like yourself, is an important one."—"What is it, monseigneur?" asked Coulon, rather embarrassed.—"I always wear this diamond in my cravat," said the duke; "permit me to offer it to you, that you may render the imitation perfect." And, unfastening the pin, he presented it to Coulon, who bowed, and said—"Ah! monseigneur, your royal highness is too generous. As an imitator, I had only a right to paste."

Coulon made his fortune, thanks to his patronage. He married the daughter of a Marsillais, named Bernard, who was a wholesale maker of shoes for the colonies, of guns at St.-Etienne, of flowers at Paris, who dressed leathers at St.-Germain, made

china at Villedieu, sugar at Sucy, and *Kirsch* in the Black Forest. He farmed the gaming-houses of Baden, Vienna, and Paris. He possessed hôtels, châteaux, millions; he escorted his wife to Longchamps in a gilded carriage drawn by snow-white horses; dined thirty parasites at his table daily, gave a million to his daughter as her marriage portion; ran through all his fortune, and invested the few crowns that remained to prevent him from dying at a hospital. Coulon and his wife lived in the Rue de Varennes, close to Alibert, who every Sunday gave a splendid dinner, at which wits, poets, artists, clergy, laity, marquises, merchants, and actresses, were accustomed to assemble. The same society generally met *chez* Coulon, who "received" on Thursdays. Coulon was witty, and wrote well. He often wrote for journals in which his name never appeared. He was one of the editors of the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, the organ of M. Lainé, then minister of the Interior. He was also one of the editors of the *Archives*, which was conducted by a small coterie of men called *le canapé*. He was greatly connected with Valentin de la Pelouze, and wrote many articles for the *Courrier Français*, as well as for other journals of the period. Coulon was much beloved by those who knew him. He was full of contrasts—and was a *mélange* of kindness and harshness, severity and indulgence, of respect for old names and sympathy for young talents. He possessed great

taste for art, joined sometimes to a certain contempt for artists. His integrity was without a flaw, and he was a devoted friend. In society he was inquisitive, a great talker, and *anecdoteur*.

In his love for art he gathered together a magnificent collection of paintings,—which are of a particular kind, however. He would have nothing but portraits. Amongst them are some by Titian, Vandyke, and Velasquez; but it is said to be especially complete as regards more recent times, including the portrait of every great author, and every great man, of every reign, from that of Louis the Fourteenth to that of the second republic. In the collection are oil paintings, pastels, crayons, enamels by Petitot, engravings, lithographs, photographs, busts, bas-reliefs and medals. Curiously enough, his faculty of imitation enabled him to possess some portraits, which he could not otherwise have obtained. For example, there was no good portrait of M. de Villèle. Coulon one day remarked this to Gros, saying that the subtle and malicious expression of the minister of finance had never been reproduced upon paper; he, at the same time, put the desired expression into his own features. Gros was struck with the resemblance, and made Coulon sit to him for the best portrait of M. de Villèle extant. There is also a portrait of M. Thiers, and of the Count Molé, for which Coulon sat.

B. J.

THE steam plough has at length been introduced into Somersetshire. Last week it was in operation at Haselbury farm, in that county. It ploughed upwards of eight acres of difficult soil in a day. The same amount of work would have employed nearly forty horses. The expense was 6s. an acre, and ploughing by the ordinary means would at least have cost double that sum.

CALORIC ENGINE ON STREET RAILWAYS.—Captain Ericsson, of New York has nearly completed what he calls a Caloric Horse, to draw cars on city railways. The plan of it is described as follows:—There is a caloric engine constantly at work, pumping oil into a vessel in which there is air, under a very high pressure, to afford the requisite elasticity. Two small cylinders, with their connections, are worked by the oil, exhausting it into a vessel, from which the caloric engine pumps it back into the high-pres-

sure reservoir. The engine has been tried, and is said to have worked fully up to what had been stipulated, and was satisfactory to those for whom it was built. Its destination is the city of Havana.

At a meeting of the Apiarian Society the secretary described the successful introduction into this country of the *Apis Ligustica*, or Ligurian bee, a distinct species from the ordinary honey bee. It is regarded as of great value as an abundant honey collector, and has been recently introduced into Germany with great success.

A PLAN is on foot for the establishment of paper mills at Burton-on-Trent. Spent hops are to be worked up and supplied to the market in the form of paper. Samples of the manufacture are now on view. The paper is of a light brown, and of the kind suitable for packing.

TWO LIBERTY SONGS NOW SINGING.*

I. THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

(Ritorno della Rondinella.)

GENTLE wanderer, Rondinella,
Flitting round on rapid wing,
What good tidings, say, this morning
To my casement dost thou bring?
Tell, oh, tell me in thy language;
I am listening, Rondinella.

Sawst thou not at Solferino
How the princes of Lorraine
Cried aloud, as they were flying
Ne'er to see our land again:
"We shall hear no more the language
That thou speakest, Rondinella."

Hast thou seen the gallant Zouave,
With his weapon gleaming bright,
Fighting gladly, fighting gayly
For the triumph of the right,
In the suffering land, whose language
Is most gentle, Rondinella?

Hast thou seen our sons in battle,
With the fearful bayonet,
Rushing on a race accursed,†
As in deadly shock they met,
And who did not speak the language
Of Italia, Rondinella?

Thou who floatest as thou wilt
Over hill and over plain,
Hast thou heard Italia's children
For Italia's freedom slain,
Shout, when dying, in their language,
"Live Italia!" Rondinella?

When to other lands thou goest,
Tell the tale of all the woe,
The long-suffering, and the anguish
Those we love have known, and know,
In thy most pathetic language,
O Italian Rondinella!

In thy sweet and gentle warbling,
Tell the nations far and wide
That the people of Italia
None shall evermore divide;
She has sworn, in her own language,
To be one, O Rondinella.

Lo! a cross, unfurled in spring-time,
Shall be the signal of our joy,
Shall flame upon Italia's banner—
It is the *Red Cross* of Savoy,
Who has promised, in her language,
Liberty! O Rondinella.‡

* The originals of these songs are now being sung in Central Italy by masses, in unison with the military bands.

† *Razza maledetta.*

‡ The above lines have been adapted by the Italians to the political sentiments of the day, from some verses of Manzoni, of a different tendency.

II. GARIBALDI'S HYMN.

THE tombs have been rent and the dead have
come forth—

All our martyrs, in haste, from their rest have
arisen;

Bright swords in their hands, laural wreaths
round their brows,

The name of *Italia* upbreathing to Heaven.

Forward, then! youthful troops, give our flag
to the wind—

For one, and for all let the same banner wave.

Come ye all! with the sword; let each soul be
on fire,

The name of Italia from slavery to save.

Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the
hour—

Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O
stranger!

Let the region of flowers, of sweet sounds and
of song,

Be again the arena of deeds in the field;

With a hundred vile chains they have shackled
our hands,

But they still know the sword of Legnano to
wield.

Our souls are not quelled by the Austrian's rule;
Ne'er yet 'neath the yoke grew the children of

Rome;

Too long has Italia bowed low 'neath their
sway—

No longer the tyrant shall dwell in her home.

Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the
hour—

Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O
stranger!

Let our homes be our own—on the Danube be
thine.

Thou hast ravaged our valleys, and plundered
our bread;

Henceforth, for our children, their fair fruit shall
spring;

On our soil, in its freedom, no tyrant shall tread.

The two seas and the Alps are Italia's bounds;
Let each landmark between into nothingness

fall;

To a chariot of fire let the Apennines yield,

And the standard of liberty float over all.

Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the
hour—

Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O
stranger!

Be silent each tongue; be each arm raised to
strike;

Every face to the enemy turned in its wrath;

If Italia have but one thought and one soul,

Soon the stranger shall seek o'er the mountains
a path.

The land must be free from the spoiler's rude
grasp;

The spoils of the vanquished we care not to own.

Italia's sons have but one heart and one soul,

And her hundred fair cities are *one*—one alone.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

M. F. A. P.